THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL---Devoted to Literature, Science, Mechanics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

LOUISIANA.

"With all thy faults, I love thee still."

BY W. G. STEWART.

Whene'er I wander to and fro,
'Twixt Tennessee and Mexico,
Among the cotton, rice and cane
That grows luxuriant on thy plain,
Ever there's filling heart and brain
Some new, and wild, and sweet refrain—
Louisiana.

Thy ever-fragrant orange groves,
Thy blooming hedge and vine alcoves
Thy russet maids, with lute-like voice,
Who make all with themselves rejoice,
And countless, soul-delighting joys
Reduce my thoughts to equipoise—
Louisiana.

There's music in the very sound,
Like sleigh-bells ringing in their round;
There's poetry in the perfumed air,
So soft, Thalia lingers there
And bashs her in the warm sun's glare.
I hear her singing, radiant, rare—
Louisiana.

Oh, sunny South! thou mak'st me blind,
Thy crimson sins escape my mind;
Hospitable, go far or near,
And every whither brings me cheer;
No passing birds or flowers are here,
Perpetual summer is thy year—
Louisiana.

Returns with two-fold pain the thought,
A blemish on thy beauty's brought!
Oh, emerald state! I know thou'st erred,
The Chief's displeasure is incurred;
But who in vade thee, armed and spurred,
Thy dear name love as when first heard—
Louisiana.

I pray, oh, prodigal, that thou
Mayst swear a penitential brow,
Receive the ring that's offered thee;
And right not for false liberty.
Their, with success shalt thou and we
Resist each foreign enemy—
Louisiana.

Terre Bonne, La., March 12, 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

NO TIME.

BY KATE ERNEST.

I've no time to read, I've no time to write,
I've no time to play or to sing,
For each little hour that flies so fast
Some trouble or care seems to bring.

No time to go out in the morning air,
To rival the birds with my song;
For here I stay through the dreary days,
While my work goes ever along.

No time to go and gather the flowers
That blossom so fair in my sight;
How I long to grasp the pearly stems,
With the buds so blushing and bright.

No time to go out in the grand old woods,
Where the waters sparkle as free;
Would I were back in my childhood's home,
Where time ever waited for me.

No time to look on the glory of earth,
All its beauty I cannot see;
For music and mirth will come again,
Ah! only in dreams to me.

I've no time to live, I've no time to love
Oh! will God give me time to die,
And take me home in his loving arms,
To his kingdom of rest on high?

May, 1862.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

JOHN GLENNY,

OF PLEASANT VALLEY.

A TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY MRS. TAMAR DAVIS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

Canst thou minister to a mind diseased? Shaks.

Spring came genial and balmy. The first violets opened their soft blue eyes to the warm sunlight, and the mild winds breathed caressingly among the daffodils.

"You will get strength again," said the physician to Mrs. Glenny. "The vivifying spirit of nature, that opens the buds and brings forth the flowers; the quickening influence that causes all matter to burst into birth and teem with different forms of life, can scarcely fail to restore and invigorate your frame. Don't look so discouraged and down-hearted," continued the kind man. "Now, don't; it is that, more than anything else, which keeps you so weak; you have nothing in the world to trouble you—a kind husband, a beautiful babe, near and dear relatives. Believe me, Mrs. Glenny, thousands in the world would consider themselves rich and happy in your circumstances."

"That may be, Doctor," she replied; "yet every heart knoweth its own sorrow. But would not a change of air and scenery do me good? I should so like to travel."

"Yes," said the physician, unhesitatingly, "there can be no doubt of it. I would advise you to go by all means."

John Glenny acquiesced in the physician's decision without a murmur, notwithstanding the disadvantage to himself of travelling at that season of the year, when his fields required to be sown, and the business of his farm particularly attended to; but no pecuniary profit could induce him to forego the slightest means to promote her health and happiness. For one year another might tend the corn and reap the harvest of his fields. His sleek horses and fat cows must be trusted in the care of a new master. Old Mrs. Glenny decided to stay and keep the house. Aunt Lizzie was to accompany Emma. The necessary preparations were made, the trunks packed, everything in order.

Old Mrs. Glenny wishes to go to the village; she wishes to go now, with her son. She always prefers to go with him; and now that he is going away, this will be her last chance for some time.

"Good-bye Emma," says the old lady, smiling from her carriage. "We shan't be back till after dark, but that don't matter. Good-bye, little Sarah;" the child was held up to the window by Aunt Lizzie, crowing and laughing with infantile glee as they whirled away.

"I wonder," said Emma, looking from the window, "whether Heberton will walk this way when we are gone. That man haunts me like a ghost, he is perpetually present in my mind; were it only possible to escape him, I might be happy."

Aunt Lizzie sighed. What else could she do? Long ago, she had exhausted her power of consolation.

"It is a fearful thing," she continued, "this living and acting a lie—this seeming of calm composure where there is neither rest nor peace—this deceiving my husband and his dear, good mother. But I didn't mean it, Aunt Lizzie, you know I didn't mean it. I acted unwittingly, incautiously, indiscreetly—anything but wickedly with premeditated intent."

"I know it, my poor child, I know it," said the aunt. "You will feel better when you get away from here, from him. It is the consciousness that he is ever near to watch or betray that so distresses you. We will get away from it as fast as we can."

"But how when we return?" questioned Emma.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," was the answer, a sentiment which no one will attempt to gainsay.

Thus the two ladies sat, conversing, until near sunset, when Aunt Lizzie retired to the kitchen to make some preparations for supper against the return of John and his mother. hen she bethought her of the cows, and went to milk. She was not the one to shrink n the performance of any household duty. , too, the hour was pleasant, the air balmy; oved to be out in it, and she loitered long— till the moon came up behind the trees, he stars came out in the heavens—long, remembers that Emma, being unaware ause, may be alarmed at her absence. r dreams who is in the house and wha g there. She saw no one enter, sh voice. How is it with Emma? sitting near the window; the sunset twilight succeeds; presently it is almost dark. She was thinking— that. Who is there that doesn't is there that, some time or another life, wouldn't, if possible, have rture of thought? The chain of mind is broken off, however might have been the rustling of the woodbine against the window; but then woodbines are not endowed with eyes, and there is a pair of eyes, and very black, bright and keen ones too, looking in through the glass upon her. They fasten, fang-like, upon hers. Oh, well she knows them—there is but one person in the world who has a gaze and glance like that.

She neither speaks nor stirs; were there occasion for either she could not, but there is none. In a moment the eyes are removed, but a step sounds in the porch, the door is opened, and her room entered before she has time to refuse or grant admittance. The intruder, sure of his power, walks quietly in and seats himself, seats himself directly before her, without saying a word.

There is a wild disturbance in her eyes—the blood has not flushed so suddenly and redly into her face for many, many days. Is it fear, or anger, or hate, or surprise? He cannot be sure. Either might be as pallid, either as intent. She is the first to speak—she does it with apparent effort.

"Why have you come here?" she asks.

He does not answer at first, but, leaning back in his chair, surveys the apartment with a careless indifference.

She asks again, "Why have you come here?"

They look at each other, like two statues, for a moment, and he slowly articulates:

"Can't you guess?"

"I can't."

"Strange that a woman so thoughtful and intelligent as yourself cannot guess why I came here."

"However strange that may be, your visit, I must say, is uncalled for, as your manner is unprecedented."

A cold, glittering smile, like moonbeams upon ice, played over his features.

"That may be," he replied. "It's a long time since I played to a lady. But an interview between us was necessary, and I have improved this opportunity to bring it about."

"Why was an interview necessary?" she asks. "Why do you, whom I supposed to have been buried years ago in the bottom of the sea, start up to harass and torment me now? Is it your business or amusement to poison the happiness of my life?"

"Both."

He rises, and stands before her, with one hand on his chair-back and the other concealed somewhere in a pocket, exactly as any gentleman might have stood before her. There is an expression on his face as if he wished to discharge his mind of some grave matter, without knowing exactly how to begin, blent with an air not of triumph, but serene satisfaction, arising from a sense of power.

"You wish to crush me," she says.

"Have I manifested such a desire?" he asks. "Have I not been extremely forbearing? With full power at any instant to give you over to justice, and blast the happiness of the man whom the world calls your husband, I have said nothing, done nothing. Who but myself should be the father of the child that sleeps in your lap? Who but myself should sit by your side and share your caresses? You well know my prior claim to your love, and honor, and obedience. Yet you coolly ask me why I come here? Is it so strange, then, for a husband to seek an interview with his wife—a wife from whose presence he has been unhappily banished for several long years?"

She flings this off with a spiteful gesture, and bids him "say on." He does so, coldly ironical.

"I have little more to say; you know, and so do I, the condition in which we are placed You know, and so do I, the punishment awarded to those who break the laws of their country; you have incurred the penalty, unwittingly it may be, yet no less certainly; it is in my power to bring upon you, any moment, the shameful consequences of exposure. I scarcely need to remind you of this, yet I have not done so."

"Well, why haven't you?" she asked, interrupting him. "I have neither asked nor expected favor at your hands. I expect none now—do your worst, and do it quickly—anything, even death, is preferable to this agonizing suspense." She looks at him defiantly. He smiles, a strange, hard smile, as an executioner of old might have smiled when his victim lay on the rack.

"Madam, you mistake my purpose strangely," he said. "I have no inclination to betray you; that is, if you will conform to my wishes. You cannot blame me if I annex certain conditions to my forbearance, conditions neither difficult nor onerous, yet highly essential to the scheme I propose to carry out."

She listens, profoundly attentive, and few, noticing the outward composure, could imagine the struggle in her breast.

"Sir," she says, commanding all the energy of which she is master, "those conditions, name them."

"You shall admit me as a member of this family."

She looks up, her countenance indicative of the greatest surprise. "And what for, pray?" she asks.

"Because I wish it, and will it, which, to you at least, should be reason enough."

"We are going away to-morrow," she resumed; "and your proposal is so strange."

"You are not going away to-morrow," he says, very quietly.

"Not going away—and why not?"

"Because I wish you to remain—because I shall make it your interest to stay."

"But everything is prepared for our departure."

"That is nothing."

"Our trunks are packed."

"Very well, unpack them."

"What will my hus—John say?"

"Who cares what he says?"

"I do; it is too late now to recede from this plan of travel," she replies, faltering a little. "It is—"

"Madam, before you say farther, hear the alternative. Just so sure as you persist in going, before you have gotten five miles, I will call the constable, and have you arrested. Then the disclosure will come—then your name will be paraded in the newspapers, chalked on the wall and cried in the streets—then your story will be told as a warning and example, your child illegitimated, and your spurious husband exposed to the sneers of the world. Are you prepared for all this? I rather think not."

She makes no answer, but she sits before him with a dark shade upon her face, in an attitude of listening, her lips a little apart, her eyes, for the moment, set, her brow contracted, for the time being lost to consciousness.

"Madam."

No answer.

There is a lamp burning on the mantel—a little spirit lamp—which he takes and passes slowly before her face. A tremor passes across her features, like a ripple over water. Her lips shake, her hands tremble, then she composes herself, evidently with a great effort, and forces her consciousness to the understanding of his presence, and what he has been saying.

"Are you prepared for all this?" he says, calmly and dispassionately. He knows that she is not—then why persist in asking?

"Why this alternative?" she forces herself to inquire. "Why not suffer me to leave this hateful place for a short period—three months—or something less? I should be sure to return. Distance would not put me beyond your power. You could command me there—everywhere, quite as well as here. Be generous, merciful for once, or kill me outright."

"I have said all I shall say," he returned. "I shall not abate one jot or tittle of my demand, the alternative rests with you."

"Of repentance or remorse, or the bitter, bitter pangs of an accusing conscience. I have not one word to say. Were I not dumb, you would be deaf; so let it pass. I am sensible of my guilt—that I have wronged you unintentionally, that I am amenable to a broken law—yet what would you have? Is it mere revenge you seek? Would you have me come back to your arms?"

He waved his hand disdainfully negative.

"I think I have spoken sufficiently explicit," he answered. "Of one thing, however, you may rest assured, I have been at too much pains and trouble in finding you out ever again to suffer you beyond the circle in which I move."

"I scarcely understand you," she said, her eyes fixed on the floor.

"Yet my meaning is plain enough," he answered. "I returned to find you gone, no one knew where, and to hear that a rumor of my death was in circulation, and generally credited. I had particular reasons for wishing to know where you were. I advertised extensively in the public papers, with copious descriptions of your person, dress and general appearance, and finally offered a reward for information concerning you. This succeeded—the paper accidentally fell into the hands of Elder Beverly, and he immediately opened a correspondence with me."

"Oh, heaven; and I never dreamed of this."

"He told me of your marriage," he continued, "and that you bore an assumed name. In order to be certain, I wrote the letter to Lydia Sherman, communicating this fact to the Elder and requesting him to see what became of it. In a short time I received notification that it had been taken from the office by a female in disguise. This was sufficient for my purpose. I came on, saw you, knew you, and saddled myself with that hateful school, to be near you. Think now that I will permit you to escape me again so easily. Never, never."

"Then Beverly knows all."

"He knows something—he suspects more, probably. He knows that some connection hitherto existed between us; of its nature we have never spoken."

"What excuse can I make for giving up my purpose of travelling?" she asks, mechanically.

"You can feign sickness, I suppose," he answered, indifferently. "Deception does not seem so foreign to your nature."

"It would be no deception to say that I am sick, life-weary, everything but happy."

"Then the truth would be sufficient."

"How do you propose being admitted to this family?"

"As a boarder; in that capacity no suspicion can attach to me."

"We have no suitable rooms."

"The rooms are good enough; in fact, I am not pleased with my present situation, and have decided to come here."

"I shall not oppose your wishes, but my husband—"

"You must influence him in my favor." He spoke like one conscious of authority.

"I will do what I can," she said, with a deep sigh.

"And so that matter is settled?" he asks, very quietly.

"It is, so far as I am concerned."

"And now," he continued, "one word only of the manner by which you must be guided in your conduct towards me. You must preserve exactly your natural bearing; you must neither be elated nor cast down in my presence, neither seem to avoid or seek me. Will you remember this?"

"I will try," she said, faintly.

"For myself," he continued, "I shall be guided by circumstances. I care nothing for Aunt Lizzie; a look of mine will be sufficient to overawe and silence her. Old Mrs. Glenny cannot oppose her influence to yours. The whole thing will be managed satisfactorily and without giving occasion for scandal. I shall meet your husband casually or accidentally; I shall propose to board with him; he will undoubtedly refer the affair to you, and then a little diplomacy on your part will arrange it all. Meanwhile keep your own counsel, and don't betray yourself."

"And you wish me to drag my present life on, holding its pains at your pleasure, the creature of your despotism, the slave of your caprice day by day, till the weeks drag into months, and the months lengthen into years?" she asks, never once raising her eyes from the floor.

"I do wish it," he answered.

"It is necessary, you think, that, for a crime unintentionally committed, I should be thus chained like a felon to the galley?"

"If not exactly necessary, there are no means for your escape," he answered.

"I am to exercise this restraint over myself," she continued, "am to appear happy and contented, while my heart is scorched and withered with misery and anguish—am to occupy my position as a loved, honored and respected wife till you give the signal for my infamy and ruin?"

"I fear you have spoken truly."

She seems absorbed in her thoughts for some little time before asking, "Have you anything more to say to-night?"

"Nothing, only to ask if you acquiesce in all my arrangements?"

"Certainly. I do," she replied; "no other course is left for me."

"No other course; you speak truly," he answered.

"I could wish, if it is your pleasure, to be left alone."

"It is my pleasure, Madam," he replied, with the most cutting politeness.

He takes his hat, and walks towards the door with studied deference, bids her "good evening" with a stately and formal bow, and slowly passes out into the darkness. She looks after him as he goes, she acknowledges his courtesy with a very slight movement, she hears his receding step. There is no further need of the restraint she has been imposing on herself. In a moment, all her energy and strength give way; her brain reels, her thoughts wander; there is a sound like the rush of waters in her ears, darkness wraps her vision, she falls prostrate to the floor.

When Aunt Lizzie, alarmed by the shrieking infant, came into the room, Emma was still lying senseless, and apparently dead. The application of powerful restoratives brought her back to life, just as her husband and his mother entered the room. Aunt Lizzie said that she had fallen down in a fit; Emma said nothing.

CHAPTER XIX.

I have seen the wicked grow and prosper like a green bay tree —Solomon.

Emma Glenny had no occasion to feign herself sick; she was so in reality, and all thought of travel was for the time postponed. Her physician said that her nervous system had received a shock from which she would be long recovering. He enforced the necessity for perfect rest and quiet, and particularly instructed her husband to be careful and tender of her. It was evident, the good man thought, that some great sorrow was preying on her mind. Was her husband unkind and regardless of her happiness?

"Very likely," he mentally concluded; "more wives are treated hardly and harshly than the world knows of; many men are smooth as oil in company, and rough as a bear and nearly as cruel in private. In the life of every one there is a certain hung; the outside scenery is for the world, the inside for the family. I'll know, that I'm determined on."

The physician was wrong. John Glenny had never ill-treated a human being, much less his wife. Unlike many husbands, who reserve for exhibition at home all the spleen, caprice and ill-will engendered during their intercourse through the day with men, his voice, when he addressed her, was pleasant; his manner kind and gentle. He never cursed or pouted in her presence because a knave or a fool had insulted or offended him. Would to Heaven we could say as much of all. Even had not his own affection and good nature been her sufficient safeguard, she had a sure and watchful protectress in his amiable mother.

This excellent woman remembered her own unhappiness, and what trifling causes had occasioned it. Now that the mists of passion and prejudice had cleared away, she could see how many times when she had thought her husband hard, or harsh, or cruel, he did not mean to be either, and that a few words of explanation or apology on his part would have set the matter in a very different light.

"Believe your wife to be all you would have her, it is the surest way to make her so," was Mrs. Glenny's constant advice to her son. "If she asks you for anything, give it to her unquestioningly, or clearly and candidly explain the reasons for your refusal. Above all, never give her occasion to doubt your honor and affection. I prophesied, my son, that your marriage would be one of bitter experiences. You can determine even now that my judgment is likely to prove correct, but your conduct must greatly lighten or augment the burden it is your fate to bear."

Guided by this sage advice, John Glenny never gave his wife occasion to complain, though she withheld from him the cause of her manifest unhappiness, and acted so strangely sometimes that he thought she was almost crazy. In fact, his kindness almost killed her, as she expressed it to Aunt Lizzie. She could have borne his neglect or indifference; she might even have found slight cause for satisfaction in resenting cruelty or ill-treatment, but to hear that he asked for her continually, to know that her welfare excited his deepest interest, while inwardly conscious all the time of her unworthiness, filled her soul with deep and constant remorse.

Thus the time wore away. The month of fruit-blossoms came and departed; that of roses and laurels was in prime. The earth was robed in beauty, the air filled with melody. Emma Glenny had partly recovered her strength, though little of her wonted serenity. She meets Heberton daily, for, true to his purpose, he has become a boarder in the house. He takes little notice of her in company; no more, in fact, than would become an ordinary acquaintance; is always polite and deferential, sometimes hands her chair, sometimes brings a nosegay, occasionally admires the baby. She looks at him and thinks the mental power of that man is surprising, so calm, so composed, so equable in her presence yet knowing what they knew. Yet for the life of her, she cannot help watching him; she feels impelled thereto, and she would give her right hand almost to be exempt from the necessity. Could she only banish him from her memory, could she forget him entirely, then, then she might be happ[illegible] his shadow seems ubiquitous, she sees it everywhere—it comes even between her and the innocent baby—it darkens the sunlight and poisons the flowers—the stars look at her with his gaze, and the jasmine leaves at the window assume the aspect of his features.

He professes great regard for her husband; he walks with him, and talks to him. Sometimes, in her presence, they converse in a low tone, of subjects which she don't comprehend, meanwhile her enemy, for she knows he must be her enemy, looks at her with sideloag glances, and his eyes, if not his words, make the inquiry, "Shall I tell him?" or gleam and threaten her with "I will."

She knows he is not to be trusted. She has had experience of his treachery and cool, systematic villany. She feels that, sooner or later, he will betray her, but she knows it is his revenge to keep her in the gorges of this dreadful suspense, never allowing for a moment's rest from the apprehension of exposure and infamy.

It was one of those delightful days when ladies, as well as bees, delight to swarm that the Glenny's were surprised at a visit from Mrs. Scrumpy. They had never been intimate or even casual acquaintances, yet the fact that Mr. Scrumpy had concealed in his coat pocket a likeness of Mrs. Glenny determined his lady to visit her rival, and find out all about it, as she mentally said.

"What could he have had that likeness for?" she asked herself, for the hundredth time. "What could he have been doing with it? Was it possible he loved her? Very probable. He had once said in her hearing what a fine-looking woman Mrs. Glenny is. She wondered, on her soul, if he hadn't been there on several occasions when he had staid out later than usual? It wasn't Miss Wells, after all. She had done wrong to accuse her; she would take it all back should occasion offer. But Mrs. Glenny—she would confront her, that she would—here was proof," and she clenched the likeness tightly to make herself certain that she still retained it.

Mrs. Scrumpy was a woman—happily there are few of them—who made her husband's failings the subject of daily conversation. Of this theme she was fully master—here she was continually at home. He wouldn't do this, and he would do that; the vulgarity of his manners or breeding, the errors of his judgment or conduct, the heinousness of his faults, or the inferiority of his domestic tastes, served her admirably, either in the presence of strangers or friends, when there happened a dearth of small talk, or when the topics of neighborhood scandal had been discussed. Mrs. Glenny did not admire the character of her guest, but society, potent with us all, forbids the open manifestation of dislikes or preferences. True, Emma's countenance might have been a little more urbane, her manner a trifle more cordial, but Mrs. Scrumpy neither noticed nor cared for this. "She had a duty to do," she said, "and do it she would."

Mrs. Scrumpy's impudence was not the least surprising of her characteristics. Had she ever known a blush, it was in the long-forgotten past. Her views of duty were unique and original; they usually led her to circulate and follow up tales of scandal or suspicion under pretence of caring for the public morality; they caused her frequently to go to the persons interested and relate to them whatever reports the envy, malice or ill-will of their enemies had fabricated and put in motion. What was worse, she had no regard for propriety of time or occasion, no consideration for the feelings of her hearer, not a particle of care for the unhappiness she caused.

After a little introductory discourse on the weather, the baby, and similar topics, Mrs. Scrumpy came to the point at once.

"Mrs. Glenny," she says, looking very sharp at her, and contracting her thin lips, "I would like to have some conversation with you on a very particular subject."

One thought alone of what that conversation must allude to fills Emma's mind, and she signifies her willingness to listen in so constrained a manner, that her auditor, more than ever, feels convinced of her guilt.

"You know my husband," continues Mrs. Scrumpy.

"I have seen him."

"You know him," reiterates Mrs. Scrumpy, every feature in her face looking thinner and contracting into deeper frowns.

Mrs. Glenny's curiosity is awakened, and her anger slightly excited. What business had a stranger to come in her house and question her so unceremoniously, yet she answered calmly.

"Your husband I know, that is by sight, any further acquaintance I have never had with him, and now if you would be so kind as to explain, I should like to know why you have put these inquiries or to what they tend?"

Mrs. Scrumpy was not loth to comply with this request; it was one she had anticipated, and for which she had come prepared. Basely as her suspicions had been excited against Mrs. Glenny, she found pleasure in the anticipation of a good long talk with her; so she proceeded to explain the fact that some secret lay between her husband and Miss Wells, that a paper was connected therewith, which she shrewdly suspected to be the memorandum of a marriage solemnized by Elder Beverly, the knowledge of which the Elder, for reasons of his own, was interested in suppressing—that her determination to possess said paper had led her to a nocturnal examination of her husband's pockets, "where I found this," she concluded, snapping her teeth and holding up the likeness, of which nothing could be seen but the black morocco case.

"What is it?" inquired Emma, so innocently that Mrs. Scrumpy considered it an unpardonable piece of insolence. "I don't know why your finding a daguerreotype in your husband's pocket should affect me—I don't see how it can, and I dare say it don't."

"You don't see how it can, and you dare say it don't," repeated Mrs. Scrumpy; "not if that likeness is yours, and so like you, though a trifle fuller and fresher, that every one who has ever seen you must know it," and she opened the case and came close up to Emma, holding it before her eyes. "Don't it concern you now?" she continued. "Or is it no business of mine that my husband conceals in his pocket and carries the likeness of another man's wife?"

Emma's face suddenly flushed to scarlet, then the retreating blood left her cheek of marble whiteness. She recollected the likeness, would to Heaven she could banish from her memory the day, the hour, the occasion on which it was taken, but she turns to Mrs. Scrumpy and inquires:

"Where did your husband get this?"

"Where did my husband get this? I had better ask you that question—I presume you know more about it than I. It is not so very uncommon for ladies to bestow their portraits on friends or favorites, is it?"

These words conveyed a meaning which no true-hearted woman could overlook. They contained a deep, premeditated insult, which Mrs. Glenny was not slow in resenting, though she maintained her usually calm and equable demeanor.

"To such base insinuations, Madam, I find it impossible to reply. First go to your husband and ascertain from his lips whence he obtained that likeness, then it will be time to come to me."

"But I cannot ask Mr. Scrumpy."

"Why not?"

"Because he thinks it is lost."

"Thinks it is lost," repeated Mrs. Glenny, with some surprise. "How is that?"

Mrs. Scrumpy took too much credit to herself for the artful stratagems she continually practiced on her credulous husband to seek to conceal for one moment, even from her supposed rival, the means to which she had resorted.

"Everything worked exactly as I wished," she said. "I put my trust in the Lord, and he brought me safely through. I took care that Mr. Scrumpy should sleep in the morning till very late, till breakfast was on the table, in order that he might rise and dress in haste, and have but a few minutes in which to prepare for school. My plan succeeded admirably. He was in too much hurry to think of or notice anything. He had barely scalded his throat with the hot coffee when the school bell rang. He was up and off in a twinkling, and wasn't I glad when the door shut on him? Wasn't I glad when his retreating footsteps echoed on the pavement?"

Mrs. Scrumpy related this with an air of cool triumph, and a countenance expressive of vindictive satisfaction. The meanness, the treachery, the downright villany of such conduct had never occurred to her. She thought it an excellent piece of management, thought the exhibition of so much tact and cunning deserved the highest encomium; she never doubted that her superior ability in this line made half the women of the neighborhood envious; she couldn't read Mrs. Glenny's thoughts in her eyes and countenance, or she might have received some unpleasant information to the contrary.

"Well," she continued, "he came home at noon very much flustered; 'My dear,' he says, addressing me, 'there is a hole in my pocket,' I could have laughed, but did not. 'Is there?' I asked. 'There certainly is, and a large one too,' he replied. 'Have you lost anything?' keeping up the farce. 'My pocket-book,' he answered. 'You haven't seen anything of it? I thought it might have dropped out in the bed-room.' 'I rather guess not,' I said, and then he went and looked, and I went and looked, and we all looked, but we didn't find it—no wonder; not a bit."

Mrs. Glenny said very coolly that she supposed not, and inquired, "What then?"

"Oh, I asked him if there were letters or bank-notes in the pocket-book, or anything else of importance in the pocket? And quizzed and questioned him to my full satisfaction, but he didn't choose to tell me; he hadn't the least idea that I knew."

Mrs. Glenny surveyed her visiter with an air of cool disdain. "And you fancy I gave that likeness to your husband?" she inquired.

"How else could he have come by it?"

"There are ways enough, I assure you. Be that as it may, however, he never obtained it with my knowledge or consent. It is one I had taken some time ago. I gave it to a friend, that is true, but not to your husband. He has perhaps given it to some one else; it may have been in the possession of a dozen for what I know. Of one thing you may be assured, I have not fallen so low as to give or receive love tokens with so insignificant a man as Mr. Scrumpy—a man who is neither master of his house, his gold or himself."

This was a home thrust certainly, but Mrs. Scrumpy either failed to perceive, or did not regard it. She had scented another track.

"Will you tell me to whom you gave this likeness, or the occasion on which it was given?" she asks. "That will be quite satisfactory."

Emma thinks a moment before she replies.

"You must be satisfied without that, Mrs. Scrumpy. I cannot tell more."

But Mrs. Scrumpy was not satisfied—she protested that she ought to know, that she must know, that it was Mrs. Glenny's duty to tell her a poor, distracted, deserted wife. She actually grows quite pathetic, but with a transparency of action that betrays the base heartlessness within. Seeing that her purpose is not likely to be effected by an exhibition of passion, she suddenly becomes calm, and avows her design of applying for advice to a quarter where she was very certain it would not be refused.

"Elder Beverly is a friend of mine," she continued; "I met him yesterday, in the street. He was very cordial, and I told him that I had something of importance to communicate, though I preferred some other time and occasion, to which he cheerfully assented, but charged me not to keep his curiosity excited too long."

"Did you design to tell him about the likeness in question?" Emma asked, with a slight shade of discomposure.

"Yesterday I did not, to-day I do," replied Mrs. Scrumpy. "Yesterday I only wished to restore to his hands the paper I am confident belongs to him, and thus frustrate the design of Mr. Scrumpy and Miss Wells."

"Why do you wish to frustrate their design?" inquired Mrs. Glenny.

"Because I do; had Mr. Scrumpy made me the confidant of his schemes and plans, I would have been his willing assistant; as he did not, I will foil them if I can. In this I am not acting unjustly. The paper was lying on the floor of my little shop, when I found it. Scrumpy took it from my hands, and without any particular motive laid it away, where it remained until Mr. Holcomb made a stir about his daughter's marriage, when he brought it forth and colleagued with Miss Wells to sell it to the injured father, thereby enabling him to prosecute Beverly for marrying a minor. Now it seems to me that Beverly would probably give as much for the chance of suppressing it. At any rate, the first offer will be made to him."

"But the likeness?" said Mrs. Glenny.

"I see," replied Mrs. Scrumpy, "that you are interested about that—that you are nervously anxious—which wouldn't be the case if everything was right. However, I acquit you of evil act or intent as regards Mr. Scrumpy. It was very foolish in me to think of such a thing. It did look dark, though, and my suspicions are easily aroused. Fortunately, however, they are readily put down."

Mrs. Scrumpy possessed one amiable trait. Whenever she became angry or offended with a neighbor, she went right to them, and in almost every case the anger and the offence were forgotten and dissipated by a few emollient words, a good cup of tea, or a present of fruit. With her husband only she was inexorable, and still pursued him with jealous surmises, though their object perpetually changed.

"I am glad," said Mrs. Glenny, "that you acquit me of blame, which is tacitly owning to former injustice on your part. Now, my dear Madam, as some atonement for this, and for other cogent reasons, I must insist on your giving me that likeness. It is mine, it cannot possibly be of use to you; it has come near getting us into trouble. Just let me have it, and there will be no further difficulty, otherwise no one can tell to what it may lead."

"I must first get the Elder's advice," persisted Mrs. Scrumpy. "Whatever he says, I will do; he is a wise and good man, and will direct me right."

"Why need you go to him at all? I see no reason why he should be informed of this affair. Give him the paper, if you choose, but let me have the likeness."

Her anxiety to possess the likeness, however, strengthened Mrs. Scrumpy's determination to keep it; she was unmoved alike by tears, and prayers, and entreaties.

"I shall do just as I have said," she answered. "I have said that I shall keep it, and so I shall, until the Elder and one or two others have seen it. Then, probably, you can have it, though I am not certain."

"I shall care little about it then," said Mrs. Glenny. "After the tale has once gone out where you found the likeness, and people have naturally drawn from it the same inference you drew, it will be impossible for me to re-establish my reputation. Prevention in all cases of scandal being much better than remedy."

Mrs. Scrumpy remained for tea, and went home at night in a very good humor, notwithstanding the unhappiness she left behind her. She was in a great state of self-complacency.

"I always feel well," she said, "in the way of my duty, let it lead wherever it will. I believe we ought to always tell people what we hear or suspect of them. They certainly would wish to know, and then—yes, then," but she couldn't finish the sentence to her satisfaction.

Mrs. Glenny's meditations that night were not of the most pleasant character. Suspicion seemed to be gathering and thickening around. That likeness, that hateful likeness, taken years before in the flush and bloom of her health and beauty—why should it come up to disturb and disquiet her now? Had Mrs. Scrumpy other purpose in coming here, she thinks, than the one she disclosed? Had she revealed the length and breadth of her suspicions, or, if not, what did she hide? Hour after hour she lies awake, when the house is silent, and revolves the subject in her mind; she looks out on the clear, bright stars; she listens to the thousand voices of night, yet arrives no nearer at a definite conclusion, is no better prepared to solve the mystery. While she yet looked a man passed by, whistling, with a spade on his shoulder—a spade, emblem of mortality. She recollected hearing of a man suddenly cut down in the pride and strength of his days—she saw the digger of his grave. He had been detained till that late hour, and was now returning home. Whose grave will he dig next? Ah, whose?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CRAZY TRAPPER.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

There never was a sentence uttered which contained more truth than the one, "truth is stranger than fiction." Although romance-writers, with wonderful imaginations, flood the land with their innumerable creations, detailing remarkable adventures, and escapes, and punishments, yet the most wonderful of narrations are either truth themselves, or are exceeded in strangeness by the truth.

During the past summer, there died in St. Louis, at the age of about sixty, a trapper by the name of George W. Ellis; for, like all Georgers, born since the days of Washington, his middle name was the same as the great Father of his country. This person had one of the most singular episodes in his life that ever befel a human being, and it is now our purpose to give that remarkable incident.

In the month of November, 1814, this person left Independence in company with Bill Bidden, a trapper somewhat younger than himself, for the Yellowstone. It was the intention to spend the winter in the western part of what is now Nebraska Territory, and to return in the spring to the States with their furs. This region was then, as it is now, the paradise of the hunter and trapper.

Each one had a horse beside the one he rode, for the purpose of carrying their peltries, and with their inseparable rifles they set out upon their journey. The weather was cold and windy most of the time, and just as they reached the confines of the "grounds," they were overtaken by one of the most terrific snow storms that ever fell in the West. In a short time the snow lay several feet deep on the prairie. Nothing daunted, however, these two brave spirits collected a goodly quantity of fuel, secured shelter for their horses, and erected a rude tent for themselves as well as they could have done in a civilized region.

It was quite late in the afternoon when they halted. After securing enough wood to last till daylight, at least, they cleared off the snow with their feet and started the fire. In a sort of ravine they cleared another space for their animals, and covered them with thick, warm blankets, brought for that purpose. They also stripped two or three armsful of bark from the cotton wood trees that were growing abundantly around, and placed it within their reach. This bark is relished more by the horses and mules than the softest and freshest grass that ever grew.

This done, they returned to their own quarters, just as night of the most intense and inky blackness was setting in. The fire was burning vigorously against the black face of the rock, which reflected its genial warmth upon themselves. As it had now ceased snowing, they removed the doubtful shelter which they had erected for their own use. Their situation, for all this, was comfortable. They were surrounded by a high bank of snow upon every hand, except in front, where was the friendly rock; and as there was no wind, they experienced no inconvenience at all. They were hardy and well warmed, and could have stood it well enough without any fire, had they chosen to do so.

"This ar a snorter," remarked Bidden, as he whiffed away his pipe. "It'll make trampin' onpossible far some time. Lucky we got so far up 'fore we cotched it."

"Yes," grunted Ellis, who was stretched upon the ground, and also smoking; "it'd been bad if we'd got it a few days ago. Better it'd waited till we got further on yit."

"I say, you, George, there ain't no likelyability of reds losin' 'round to-night, is there, eh?"

"In course not. They're all snowed under in their huts, and won't stick their noses out till they ho. I ain't ticklish on nothin', 'ceptin' as I's thinkin' how we mought hear from a mountain wolf, p'raps."

"Thar's a dog-gone fact. They'll be howlin' round, and we must look out fur the hosses, or they'll be down among 'em fore we know it. We must snooze keerful to-night."

"Them cussed sneaks are allers about. Jist sich a night as this ten thousand of 'em came down on me and Dumpy Dick. Poor Dick! he went under that night."

"Who war Dumpy Dick?"

"He war some, he war." Dick had done some tall ha'r raisin' in his time. He could lift a greaser's ha'r as easy as he could chaw tobacco, and I reckon as how he could do that. You see, me and Dick war on our way to the States, when we got overtook by jist sich a storm. We couldn't get a stick of wood to save our skins, so we jist kivered up, locked into each other, and bored down into the snow, when we went to snoozin beautiful. 'Long in the night, I happened to open my peepers, and well, thar, if I didn't see sights, then skin me, that's all. There war thirteen thousand four hundred and ninety-seven wolves, jist comin' down onto us. "Quick, Dick," sez I; we're in fur it pruty thunderin' soon, 'cause we're treed." Dick didn't need no hurryin', cause he hurried things. But we's sich foots, both on us, that we didn't bring our blankets or shootin' irons with us. I made fur a tree, and got inter it, without waitin' to look behind me. Dick come up alongside of me, just as we heard the blasted skunks' jaws snappin' like steel traps below us. Wall, that war despit. Wought! 'twas awful! We soon found we's goin' to freeze to death. I knowed Dick'd have to go under, as he's tenderer nor I. I tried to keep him talkin', but he stopped purty soon' sayin' as how he's sleepy. I knowed he's goin' then; I shook him and hollered, but he couldn't speak; and the fust thing I knowed, over he rolled like a log, and tumbled down. I tried to catch him, but liked to fell myself, and couldn't do it. Ten minutes arter there wan't nothin' left of Dumpy Dick but a few bones, which the wolves were chawin' and a quarrellin' over. I stood it until morning, when the wolves left; I then let go, and dropped like an icicle. I commenced beatin' the tree and turnin' summersets, till I got my blood circulatin'. The varmints had made a clean sweep of everything. They'd eat up the

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, April 15, 1863.

CENSUS REPORTS COMPARED.

We need a Bureau of Statistics. We ought to have all the facts of the census of each European nation, digested and compared with the facts developed by our own. Nothing would so soon open the eyes of the world to the progress which this country has been making for the last seventy years, as the results of such digests put side by side. In France, we believe, these statistics are the most scientifically developed. But the contrast between this country and Great Britain in their progress during the past 10 years, demonstrates a superiority of material advantages and wise arrangements, we think, in our favor, taken as a whole, that will astonish most persons. This it is which has made the English aristocratic classes so eager for the destruction of our Union, and this that makes all true men—like Cobden and Bright—the world over, anxious that it should not be destroyed. This it is which alone can fully exhibit the crime of secession against humanity in its true and proper light.

The British census for 1861 and that of the United States for 1860 show the following comparative results, put side by side. In the United States, population has not only caught up to that of Great Britain, but gone two millions and a half beyond that country, of which we were but colonies. In England and Wales, the increase of population has been twelve per cent. In Scotland, *six* per cent. In Ireland, there has been an actual *decrease* of *twelve* per cent.; while in this country, there has been a clear increase of *thirty-five-and-a-half* (more exactly 35.59) per cent. Indeed, the total of our free population has increased 37.40 per cent. There is here indicated a difference in the growth of population of about *four* to *one* in our favor. The difference between the growth of the black race and the white race in this country—between slaves and free—all smelt into insignificance compared with this. After making all allowance for emigration, even from Great Britain, and to this country, much, very much, remains which can only be accounted for upon the principle of more just and equal laws, giving the poor advantages by a more equal distribution of property in proportion to industry, which tell most powerfully on population. In Ireland, especially, the population has sunk within ten years nearly eight hundred thousand, without civil war or riot, or pestilence or famine.

The people have been starved out. Within twenty years the numbers have dropped from 8.17 to 5.76 millions. This is not want of capital, for there is more there now, perhaps, than ever. Nor is it want of room, for in 1841 there were 251 to a square mile, in 1850 about 200, and now 177. In England, population has gained twelve per cent. on 332 to a square mile within the last ten years. It is mismanagement that is ruining Ireland. In Massachusetts, it is now almost 158 to the square mile, and it has gained absolutely an increase of *thirty* to the square mile since 1850. But, in Ireland, with only twenty more to the square mile now, there has been an absolute loss of twenty-three to the square mile. Why is it that Massachusetts is increasing and Ireland decreasing?

In the population of Great Britain it is noticeable that there seems to be a constant gravitating tendency to the cities, which increase quite disproportionately to the rural districts. In Ireland, the only localities in which an increase of population was shown were Dublin, Carrickfergus and Belfast, where there was a gain of eighteen per cent. on 1851. With us in the United States, while our towns and cities steadily increase, it is rather in our new States and Territories that we look for the rapid increase of our population. In England and Scotland there are seven hundred and twenty thousand more females than males. This is owing to emigration very largely, which carries off the enterprising young men. All of these statistics point out the fact that England is becoming the centre of a grand system of colonization—Australia and Canada and India being to them what California and the Territories are to us. It is, or has been, the desire to rule by force which has thus far made trouble between Great Britain and these Colonies. They are not made one by representation. The day may come when England will become more just and equal to the poor, and, when no longer curbed by the aristocracy seifish as that now ruling, all the nations speaking the English tongue may fraternize throughout the world.

MR. TUCKER'S DEFENCE.

John Tucker, has published a pamphlet in reply to the charges of the Investigating Committee of Congress, in reference to the chartering of vessels for the Government. He says he did the duty assigned him properly, and that there is no evidence that he ever received commissions for doing it. He says:

"I asseverate that Captain Loper, A. C. Hall and all the other parties to whom reference is made, or any of them, have never proposed or suggested to me in any manner, to take or receive any interest in any charter or other transaction, nor have I received, nor do I expect to receive, from them or any other person in their behalf, or any of them, one farthing of the money they have received from the Government or from the owners of the transports thus chartered."

Mr. Tucker says he had not the charge of the ordinary current business of transportation for the Quartermaster's Department; it was only in great emergencies he was called upon. On such occasions time was a most important consideration, for every hour's delay, as the President said, was more disastrous to the nation than the loss of money. He had to seize upon transports wherever he could find them, and under such circumstances ordinary prices could not be expected to be charged. If the transports could have been retained longer in service, they could have been procured at lower rates. To show the magnitude of the operations, he says 80,000 men were carried in transports from Fortress Monroe to Washington City in six days, and 27,000 animals and 2600 wagons in three weeks. He says:

"When thus acting for the Government in large transactions, fixed prices were established, after diligent inquiry as to the proper rate, whenever possible, without reference, as to whether they were made with the owners or their appointed agents. For the McClellan Expedition exact prices were made for schooners and barges, and although such an immense number was required and procured, not even one could now be chartered for less. With steamers it was impossible to have an inflexible law as to price, especially on the occasions when all that were available were required. A rule they were chartered for only thirty days. It was not supposed they would be longer required."

SUPPORTING THE GOVERNMENT.

The manner in which the people come to the aid of the Government, in furnishing it with the means of carrying on the war against rebellion, proves that even our leading men have not had confidence enough in the resources and willingness of the people to stand by their political institutions. The more we have thrown ourselves upon popular sympathy and good feeling, the more have the resources of the country opened themselves. Our legislators were afraid to tax the people. At last they were compelled to try it, and the taxes have not only been cheerfully paid, but far exceeded the calculations and expectations of those who imposed them. England, and Europe, were certain we could not raise money without their aid, which they resolved to withhold. Those bankers who came forward with loans were laughed upon as attempting an impossible task. They did it patriotically, and it proved that the country was able to carry an amazing loan. But when the cupidity of the Wall street men led them to attempt to control the Government, Mr. Chase has, by acting independently of the whole, and throwing himself more directly on the people, as distinct from the money lenders, supplied the wants of the Government.

REBEL SUPPLY OF GUNPOWDER.

The London Times' correspondent in the South who generally gives such rosy accounts of the flourishing condition of the rebels, states in his last letter that there are two gunpowder mills established in the South, from which the rebels are supplied with 5000 pounds of powder per day, at about four cents per pound. One of these works is at Augusta and one at Columbia. The one at Augusta was constructed at a cost of $100,000, by order of Davis, and under the direction of Col. Raines, formerly a professor of Chemistry at West Point. He says all the powder issued for the service of the rebel armies of Virginia and the West, and also for the defence of Charleston and Vicksburg, has come out of the mill at Augusta, and it was stated by an ordnance officer in Charleston, that the powder which he had recently received there and tested was very nearly, if not entirely, up to the standard of the finest English manufacture. Notwithstanding this, however, the supply from these sources cannot be equal to the expenditure, for there is scarcely a blockade runner captured that has not English gunpowder on board.

WANTON DESTRUCTION.—We are sorry to see the spirit of wanton mischief so rife among the soldiers employed along the coast. Jacksonville and Pensacola have both been destroyed by incendiaries in the Union army. These are wicked acts, without any palliation, and do vast harm to the Union cause. There was nothing which warranted the destruction of either town, for they were both in possession of Union troops. But upon the order to abandon them the soldiers seem to have set aside all subordination, and in the very spirit of wantonness fired nearly every house in these two devoted towns. Nothing was spared, and friend and foe were served alike. The Union citizens of Jacksonville, who, under the supposition that our troops had come to stay, manifested their attachment to the old flag, were not favored more than known sympathizers with rebellion. They were compelled to see their property burned before their eyes, and many who were in comfortable homes came away in our transports without so much as a bed to sleep upon. The officers in command did what they could to stop this vandalism, but all to no purpose. A correspondent of the Evening Post, in giving the particulars of the destruction of Jacksonville, says:

"If General Hunter had desired to do the State of Florida and the cause of freedom and Union in the South the greatest injury—if he wished to paralyze the patriotism and destroy the loyalty of this people, and blight the hopes of the State, he could not have adopted a course more certain of success than the one he has adopted from the first in regard to this State. This is now the third time that the people have been cheated, and the loyal sentiment placed at the mercy of the common enemy. Now this place—the best and most flourishing town in East Florida, and the only place whose citizens and property-holders were generally loyal—has been irretrievably ruined, and its people scattered abroad without homes or means of present subsistence. Many loyal citizens further up the river, being assured of protection, have rendered service, and so identified themselves with the Union cause as to outlaw them with the rebels, and are now abandoned to their tender mercies. God save the country and the cause where such things are done in its name and by its friends!"

PETROLEUM IN BURMAH.

We have been informed that petroleum has been discovered in large quantities in Burmah. Mong Shaw Loo, a native Burmese, who is receiving instruction in this country, has recently received letters from his brother in Burmah, who accompanied a party of British officers on a recent visit to the Capital of what remains of Burmah proper since its last curtailment by the British. While there they visited no fewer than eighty newly discovered oil wells of great productiveness. It seems probable that this discovery will make the banks of the Irriwaddy as famous as those of the Alleghany, where our oil wells began a few years since to attract attention. Indeed, a few wells of the crude oil have long been known to exist on the banks of this river, but as there was no knowledge of the process of refining it, the value of the oil has been but little regarded. As our discovery of gold in California stimulated zeal and observation, and led to the discovery of the same metal in Australia, and in the British American possessions on the Pacific, so the success of our petroleum wells has no doubt led to the following up of investigations even in Burmah to this important point.

There are many reasons, it seems to us, why Americans should follow up this discovery, and get the working of some at least of these wells, and the refining of the oils. The wells so far discovered all lie not in British soil, but in the territory which yet remains to the old government. There the preference for Americans is very marked, so far as it can be shown. The missionary labors of Judson and his wife, and of those who have followed in his steps, have made a very favorable impression, and if some of the friends of that mission in this city or country were privately to embark some of their capital in the enterprize of working those wells, it might be so managed as to exert a very favorable influence upon the natives. It has always been a maxim of Dr. Hamlin, who has so exerted himself in establishing and reviving Christianity in Turkey, that it is by the superior science and economy of Christians being exhibited, that the greatest amount of good will be done among heathen nations, and the way prepared for them to listen to the truths of religion, which the missionaries teach. Dr. Hamlin taught the Turks to erect steam flour-mills, and supplied the army with bread.

But, besides this, Americans understand better than any others the art of working these new mines of wealth. They have the benefit of experience. They "suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock." We could show the best processes of refining it, and the whole of these works might be engaged in by careful and prudent capitalists in such a manner as to produce vast returns, and employ a great number of the natives, extending our commerce and influence in Burmah. There is no other such supply at present known for India, and the demand for oil for all kinds of steam works is and must be very great, besides that used for lighting houses.

It is a very great and common mistake to suppose that petroleum has never been known until within a few years. It has been used in Burmah for many years, probably many ages, and used for some few purposes. It was known among the ancients, and is expressly mentioned by Herodotus. It is probably alluded to by Moses, Deut. 32, 13. Nor is it at all unlikely that somewhere in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea a useful supply of it may yet be found. The bitumen found in that region is, in fact, the same substance in a solid form.

That which has been done in modern times has been to develope the production of it in such quantities as to make it truly valuable for the puposes of political economy, more than supplying the failing oil derived from the whale fisheries. It has also been our work to refine it and render it useful for a thousand purposes to which it could not be applied before. No doubt the manufacture of the English and American parafine oil by distillation from the coal, led to those arts by which the purifying process was already known when the large supply of crude oil was discovered. But it is a curious and instructive fact that a substance like this, known to exist for almost two thousand five hundred years, should, within the last ten years, be first rendered useful to the world by the citizens of Pennsylvania, and having been thus subsidized, is now being sought and found in some of the oldest-settled portions of the globe.

THE FACT AVOWED.—The English papers very coolly avow the purpose of fitting out rebel privateers in English ports to prey upon our commerce, though the British Government can find no evidence of the fact sufficient to warrant it in putting a stop to the business. The London Economist, in speaking of the rebel loan of fifteen millions taken in England, says, "some persons have fancied that the negotiation of this loan would have an unfavorable effect upon the money market of this country, and would tend to withdraw bullion from it. But it is probable that most of the loan will be spent here in paying out-standing debts, and in purchasing new warlike stores and arms for the Confederate States, and therefore there will be very little, if any, demand upon us for the precious metals in consequence." When the purpose is thus publicly discussed, it seems more than wilful blindness in the Government that it cannot see its own neutrality so grossly violated. It looks very much like connivance at and screening the offence.

THE REBELS NOT STARVING IN MISSISSIPPI.—A correspondent of the New York Times, who was with the Sunflower Expedition, speaking of the region of (Mississippi) country through which it passed, says—

"Every plantation was stocked to repletion—cows, beef cattle, horses, mules, sheep, fowls, cotton, corn, and supplies of every kind, were found in endless quantities. Our troops started without horses or transportation of any kind—they came back almost every man mounted on a good steed, and leading a span of serviceable mules by the halter. When they left they filled their haversacks with two days' rations of "hard tack" and greasy bacon—when they returned, each man had grown fat on chickens, eggs, mutton, veal, and other delicacies, and they brought with them for future use, turkeys, geese, calves and sheep without number."

WHAT NEXT?—The Legislature has a bill before it providing for cleaning the streets of Philadelphia. The streets are dirty enough, but not so filthy that the citizens of Philadelphia are not able to attempt the task themselves. This attempt to have the Legislature interfere with what does not concern them, is only a plan for some lazy schemers to fasten themselves upon the public in the way of a big job. So long as we have Schuylkill water and a hose, we do not need the services of the Legislature in this matter. In the meantime we will try what shovels and carts can do. If the members of the Legislature only take care to keep their own dirty palms clean, we will try and take care of the streets of Philadelphia.

VICKSBURG.—The last intelligence from Vicksburg mentions a new scheme of operations against that city. Heavy floats or rafts, mounted with 84 pound Parrott guns, have been towed down opposite Vicksburg, within fair range, and having full view of the signal station of the rebels, and Vicksburg Court House. The batteries are to be bombarded with these guns. The report, last week, that a water battery of the rebels had been silenced, doubtless originated in the work of these floating batteries. The ingenuity and perseverance expended upon Vicksburg deserve success, and will probably ultimately secure it. The army there should be increased in such numbers as to render success sure.

THE PAYMENT OF THE TROOPS.—Thirty-two millions of dollars have been sent to the various armies for the payment of the troops. Twenty-one millions are yet due, of which fourteen millions for the army of the Potomac are expected to be disbursed this week. A portion of the money now being paid out to the army consists of new legal-tender notes issued under the joint resolution authorizing an additional hundred millions. The Secretary of the Treasury, it is said, will make every effort to meet his payments without issuing any of the legal-tender notes authorized under the nine hundred million act.

THE CONNECTICUT ELECTION shows that the radical Democrats were a little too fast in announcing that Southern secession is to be propitiated by seceding from the Eastern States. The people of this country mean to maintain the Union in its entirety, and will oppose any attempt at division North or South. The politicians who cannot see this fact are too blind to be leaders, and will ruin any party by their folly.

EXCITING FROM CHARLESTON.

Official Despatches to the Government OF THE

Attack of the Union Gunboats ON THE FORTS BEFORE CHARLESTON.

Repulse and Damage to the Gunboats.

FIVE OF THE IRON-CLADS DISABLED

LOSS OF LIVES, &c.

[From the New York Tribune.]

WASHINGTON, April 14, 1863.—The gunboat Flambeau, from Charleston Bar at 11 o'clock on Wednesday, arrived at the Navy Yard at two o'clock to-day. She brings Capt. Rhind, who was wounded in the action with the rebel forts, and Lieut. Forrest, of the Keokuk. Your special correspondent, who alone of the members of the press in the department of the south was with the iron-clad fleet during the action, being on board the Admiral's flag-ship, is also a passenger. His summary of events is as follows:—

The iron-clad squadron, convoyed by a number of gunboats, arrived off Charleston on the morning of the 5th inst. In the course of the afternoon the channel across the bar was buoyed out by the Coast Survey steamer Bibb and the Keokuk. It was intended to cross the bar that afternoon but a high wind arose, which induced Admiral Dupont to postpone crossing till the next day. Toward evening the Patapsco stood in close to Light House Inlet, to protect the buoys. It was expected that she would draw the fire of the rebel batteries, but she anchored inside and remained unmolested all night.

In the evening the Admiral issued his order of battle. The plan of the attack was to move the iron-clad squadron up the main ship channel, without noticing any fire of the Morris Island batteries, steer directly to Fort Sumter and engage its north west face, at a distance of 600 or 800 yards, the fleet to be aimed at the centre embrasures. The line of battle to be as follows: Weehawken, Passaic, Patapsco, New Ironsides, flag-ship; Catskill, Nantucket, Nahant and Keokuk.

A squadron of reserve, consisting of the Canandaigua, Housatonic, Huron, Unadilla and Wissahickon, to form outside of the bar, prepared to come, if necessary, to the support of the iron-clads.

Early on the morning of the 6th inst., Admiral Dupont and staff transferred their quarters from the steamer James Adger to the Ironsides. About 8 o'clock a general signal to get under way was given. Some fears were entertained of grounding when crossing the bar, but all the vessels got over safely and came to anchor directly opposite Light House Inlet. It was deemed necessary to await the ebb tide in order to discover more readily the obstructions. The fleet was expected to be able to move to the attack at 1 o'clock P. M., but at that time a thick fog had risen, preventing the shore lines, the guidance of which the pilots, among whom were three colored volunteers and Robert Small, required for safe steerage. The Admiral then reluctantly postponed the attack to the next day. During the day a brigade of Gen. Ferry's division worked its way up Folly Island, established itself close to the beach and opened communication with the fleet. No portion of the land force got nearer to the point of attack, and all were obliged to play the part of earwitnesses. Nothing was done during the remainder of the sixth.

On the morning of the 7th the fog was still thick, but by nine o'clock it had nearly cleared away, and there was no further cause for delay of the attack. Up to 12 o'clock, preparations for the conflict were renewed on all the ironclads. At 1 P. M., the pilot of the flag-ship at last declared himself ready to move. The signal to get under way was made, and at fifteen minutes before two, the whole fleet was in motion in the order given above. At 2¼ o'clock, the batteries on Morris Island had been passed by the first four monitors without drawing the fire of the enemy. Shortly before three o'clock, the Ironsides showed disobedience to her rudder, her bow swinging to the strong ebb tide, and threatening to bring her on the shoals to her right She was, therefore, compelled to come to anchor to stay her course. Meantime, the first four monitors had continued on toward the fort. The enemy allowed the Weehawken to come within 500 yards of Fort Moultrie, when two shots across her bow from this fort opened the action. The Ironclad had again got under weigh, and approached within 1200 yards of Fort Sumter, when she once more became unmanageable, and was again obliged to drop anchor. The Monitors ahead of her had then reached the converging point of the fire of Cumming's Point battery, Fort Sumter, Fort Moultrie, and a work between it and Moultrie and Moultrieville, known as Battery Bee. A sheet of flame and volumes of smoke, extending from Morris to Sullivan's Islands, inaugurated what has been undoubtedly the most terrific cannonade of the whole war, if, indeed, it was ever equalled in the history of the world. A perfect torrent of shot and shell was poured upon the Monitors, wrapping them sometimes almost entirely in spouts of water thrown up by the striking projectiles.

The monitors continued their way, replying vigorously from their batteries to the enemy. They passed the northeast face of Fort Sumter, but when they came near the angle with the northwestern face, they made out at a short distance three distinct lines of obstructions, consisting of floating logs with torpedoes attached, and net works of cables held perpendicularly in the water by weights. The Patapsco got foul of one of them, and could not make her screw work for some fifteen minutes, but finally got clear. A torpedo exploded close to the bow of the Weehawken, without, however, doing any damage. The vessels all steering very heavily, the narrow passages through the line of obstructions could not be reached. After several vain efforts, the four vessels turned about and steamed back down the harbor, all the while sustaining a heavy fire, and responding with their guns as vigorously as they could. The Patapsco had her 200-pounder Parrott gun disabled by its own recoil early in the action. The turret of the Passaic was bent in, and cramped her 11-inch gun so as to prevent its working. Shortly afterward her turret stopped revolving, and she lost all offensive power. The Ironsides had, meantime, vainly struggled to come closer to Fort Sumter. The rebel gunners, finding her a fixed mark, plied her freely with shot and shell. Her position was such that she could not bring her broadsides to bear until about 4 o'clock, when she got an opportunity to deliver her fire at Fort Moultrie. This was the only offensive demonstration made by her during the action.

When Admiral Dupont found that he could not readily move the Ironsides, he signalled to the four iron-clads left behind to pass ahead and go to the support of the four vessels already engaged. In trying to pass by, the Catskill and Nantucket brushed the Ironsides on the port and starboard sides, but after a while managed to get away past her bow. They and the Keokuk and Nahant came under the concentric range of the forts and batteries at about the time the other four monitors were turning back. They nevertheless advanced with their guns at work briskly past the northeast face of Fort Sumter, but their course was likewise impeded by obstructions. The Catskill, Nantucket and Nahant received the united fire of both Forts Sumter and Moultrie. The Keokuk had steered a little more to the left, and for a while received the fire of Fort Sumter alone. She fired the gun in her forward turret but three times, when it became disabled. Her aftergun could not be brought to bear effectively, and was thus rendered useless. After continuing under the united fires of all the forts and batteries for about three-quarters of an hour, all the monitors and the Whitney Battery came back in obedience to a signal from the flag-ship. The Ironsides had already dropped back some distance out of range of Fort Sumter. At five o'clock the entire fleet was out of range and the action ceased.

The Ericsson raft, known as the Devil, was sent down on the bow of the Weehawken, but proved a hinderance instead of a help, by embarrassing the steering of the Weehawken. The monster torpedoes inter ded to be connected with the raft were not used, as they required delicate handling, and fears were entertained as to their success. The Devil was lost the day after the fight, and was found ashore. It was the intention of the Admiral to renew the attack on the next day, but when the reports of the commanders of the iron-clads were received, showing that two, the Keokuk and Passaic, were fully, and three, the Patapsco, Nantucket and Nahant, were partially disabled, the Admiral determined to desist from the conflict. In this decision he was sustained by the unanimous opinion of the commanders of all the iron-clads. The firing on both sides was good, and the thunder of the cannonade terrific.

The striking of the heavy missiles used by the Rebels against the sides, decks, and turrets of the monitors, the reverberations of their own monstrous guns, the plunging of shot and shell into the surrounding waters, the dense smoke, now hiding the forts and batteries from view, then broken by sheets of flame, the uncertainty as to what new obstacle or infernal machine might be encountered by the iron-clads, the difficulty of properly manœuvring the vessels, the anxious suspense of the inhabitants of the iron boats as to whether victory or defeat was to crown their efforts—all this made the scene one of unparalleled interest and excitement.

No words can convey the idea of the terrible fire. The monitors were hit from twenty to sixty times each, with the exception of the Keokuk, which, from her more exposed position, was struck by not less than ninety shots. Her turrets were penetrated a number of times, and her hull, at the water mark, showed nineteen holes. She was only kept afloat by plugging and pumping, until next morning, when she sunk on the bar, in eighteen feet of water, her colors still flying. All on board were saved, but all lost everything they had. The Ironsides was hit from 50 to 60 times, without material damage. The enemy used only part of their heaviest calibre. The most destructive of their missiles were of English manufacture, principally Whitworth's steel-pointed projectiles. Eleven large holes, apparently running through the walls, some of which were about three feet wide, were made on the east face of Fort Sumter, showing that our fire was not altogether ineffectual. The monitors fired altogether about 150 rounds. The numerical weakness of the land force rendered their direct co-operation in the attack impracticable. Upon the Navy depended the main share of the work, and all the fighting was done by it alone. When your correspondent left the scene of conflict, two of the monitors had sailed for Port Royal, and the others were to follow.

The following list comprises all the casualties in the iron-clad squadron:

Keokuk—Capt. Rhind, contusion right leg; A. McIntosh, Acting Ensign, two wounds on forehead and fracture of skull, dangerously; Chas. McLaughlin, seaman, seriously in both legs; David Chapin, seaman, slightly, in left side; James Ryan, seaman, seriously, right thigh; O. D. Mott, landsman, slightly; H. Swords, seaman, slightly; J. J. Brown, seaman, slightly; R. Nicholson, Quartermaster, slightly.

Nahant—Captain Downs slightly, on the leg, from boil; Isaac Schaffer, pilot, severely, by a bolt.

Edward Cobb, Quartermaster, late of the Cumberland, fracture of skull from bolts, since died.

Jon Macalister, dangerous on head from bolt.

The following correspondence between Gen. Hunter and Admiral Dupont has taken place since the close of the action:

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE SOUTH, U. S. Transport Ben Deford, April 8, '63. }
Admiral S. F. Dupont, Flag Ship New Ironsides, off Fort Sumter.

Admiral: Not knowing yet what have been the results of your attack of yesterday, so far as Fort Sumter is concerned, I cannot but congratulate you on the magnificent manner in which the vessels under our command were fought.

A mere spectator, I could do nothing but pray for you, which, believe me, I did most heartily, for you and for all the gallant men under your command, who sailed so calmly and fearlessly into and under and through a concentric fire which has never heretofore had a parallel in the history of warfare. That you are uninjured and so many of the vessels of your command fit for service is a cause of deep gratitude to Almighty God. I confess when the Weehawken first ran under Sumter's guns, receiving the casemate and barbette broadsides from that work simultaneously with the similar broadside from Fort Moultrie, and all the other works within range, I fairly held my breath until the smoke had cleared away, not expecting to see a vestige of the little vessel which had provoked such an attack. With each of the others the same scene was re-enacted, my interest in the fate of the Ironsides being, perhaps, the keenest, from my knowledge of her comparative vulnerability, and of the deep loss the country would sustain if anything were to happen to you.

Thank God for the results so far as they go. May he have you in his keeping through whatever chances are yet before you. No country can ever fail that has men capable of suffering what your iron-clads had yesterday to endure. God bless you and keep you safe, Admiral, and believe me, with the highest esteem,

D. HUNTER, Major-General.

Charleston Harbor, S. C., April 8, '63. }
Flag-Ship Ironsides, }

General: I am this moment in receipt of your most gratifying letter of this date. I did not, however, require this to satisfy me of the deep sympathy in our operations of yesterday, intensified by the fact that circumstances beyond your control prevented that which of all things you would most have desired, an immediate and active co-operation.

I shall have your letter read in every iron-clad of the fleet, so that every man under my command shall know what has long been familiar to me—the heart-felt sympathy of the Commanding General of the Army of the Department of the South.

I am, General, with the highest respect, your most obedient servant. S. F. DUPONT.

Rear Admiral Commanding South Atlantic Squadron.

To Maj. Genl. Hunter, Commanding Department of the South, off Charleston.

From the Army of the Cumberland—Repulse of the Rebel Van Dorn.

The following has been received at the headquarters of the army:

MURFREESBORO', April 11, 1863.—Major Gen. Halleck, General-in-chief:—The following dispatch was received from Gen. Granger on the 10th:—

Van Dorn made his promised attack to-day at 1 o'clock, directly in front and on the town. The infantry regiments on guard in the town, with the cavalry pickets, held him at bay until their ammunition was exhausted. The dense smoke and atmosphere favored their operations, enabling them to approach very near without our being able to observe them. Our siege guns and our light batteries opened upon them with murderous effect, literally strewing the ground with men and horses. I had halted Gen. Stanley four miles out on the Murfreesboro' road. He has crossed his forces over at Height's Mills, vigorously attacking Forest's divisions, moving down on the Lewisburg pike, capturing six pieces of artillery and some 200 prisoners, but owing to the unfavorable nature of the country, was unable to hold them, being attacked by greatly superior numbers, outflanked and nearly surrounded. Our loss is killed, wounded and prisoners, is less than 100, while the enemy's cannot be less than three times that number. They were repulsed on all sides and driven until darkness prevented the pursuit.

Capt McIntyre, of the 4th Regulars, took the colors and prisoners bringing off thirty odd of the latter. R. B. GRANGER, Major General.

To W. S. ROSECRANS, Major General.

From Vicksburg.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENTS.

The despatch boat, New National, arrived at Cairo, April 12th from Vicksburg, which place she left on Wednesday. She brings news of the iron-clads Louisville Mound City, Carondolet, Benton, Lafayette, and two others, were all prepared to run the blockade, and expected to execute the movement on Friday or Saturday night. It was also said that the transports had also been prepared with log and cotton bulwarks to run by the batteries.

The reported arrival of General Osterhaus at Carthage, ten miles below Warrenton, with a heavy force, is confirmed.

Return of the Yazoo Pass Expedition.

A special despatch to the Chicago Times, of April 12, from Helena, Ark., dated the 9th, says: The entire Tallahatchie fleet, consisting of the divisions under Gens. Ross and Quimby, and the numerous gun and mortar boats, arrived last night. The expedition, which has been absent forty-three days, left Fort Greenwood on Sunday. As soon as the bustle of departure was observed by the enemy they opened a brisk fire upon the woods where the batteries had been planted, which continued until the last boat steamed up the river. On only one day she was allowed to sail. The House was unable to inquire into this delay, for it was very likely to embroil England with the Americans, more especially as he believed there were other vessels fitting out in English ports.

The Solicitor General said he could easily show that the charge brought by the American government against her Majesty's government was most unfounded. The American government was only entitled to ask the government to carry out the law as it would do if it was concerned itself, and to administer the law as English law was always administered, not on suspicion, but on evidence. (Cheers.) He warmly defended the conduct of the government with respect to the fitting out of the Alabama, and retorted that the American government had not always respected our neutrality when their own interests were concerned.

Sir T. Baring and Mr. Bright deprecated the remarks of the Solicitor General, as tending to add to the irritation in America.

Mr. Laird, the builder of the Alabama, maintained that the whole transaction with respect to the vessel was most open and legitimate.

Mr. Fitzgerald called on the government to prevent a repetition of such a case as that of the Peterhoff.

Lord Palmerston, after expressing regret at the tone of the speaker, said:—There was no use in concealing the fact that when the American Government found itself in difficulties, it raised a cry against England to create political capital. This course was to be regretted; but so long as it was confined to words and to internal affairs, although a dangerous game, it did not create the irritation that might be expected here; but if it was raised to make the English Government go out of its way to overstep the law, it was not likely to be successful. He would rather have expected that those who brought this question forward would, instead of increasing the irritation in America, have used their influence with their friends across the Atlantic to show that they had no cause of complaint against England or the English Government. The Solicitor General, in his admirable speech, had clearly shown this; but he could easily understand the irritation in America, and that in their present state they were impatient at the restraints of the law.

The government had done and would do all in its power to enforce the law, but it could only act on sworn depositions, and not on rumors and suppositions; and he believed that if they had seized the Alabama no cause would have been substantiated against her, as she had no armament, whatever might be the suspicion of her destination. The member from Birmingham (Mr. Bright) represented them for a cold neutrality; but that was a proof of impartiality, for he could not understand a warm neutrality.

The government would be glad if there were neither vessels built nor shipments made like those enumerated by Mr. Laird; and he could only assure the House that when grounds were shown to them they would not be slow to enforce the law honestly and impartially.

After some other remarks by other speakers the House adjourned for the Easter holidays, till April 13.

In the House of Lords, Lord Strathden called attention to the expediency of recognizing the Confederates as a step towards peace, in showing the North the hopelessness of the effort at conquest of the South.

Earl Russell expressed an anxious desire to do anything in the interests of peace, but dissented from Lord Strathden's views. He showed that the present condition of the South was totally different from other countries when recognition took place. The war was still progressing with the utmost vigor, and a large portion of the Southern territory was still occupied by the North. The British Government considered it their duty at present to stand still, and not proceed to any act so decided and so unfriendly to the United States, as that of recognition. No doubt in former times England had interfered in such cases, but it had ever been on behalf of independence, freedom, and the welfare of mankind. He should be sorry indeed of the interference of England, which would ever bear another character, and hoped her intervention would always be on the side of liberty, and the promotion of freedom. He trusted England might be able to continue her neutrality.

The subject was then dropped.

Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, said that communications had passed with the Washington Government, relative to President Lincoln's proposition for a convention to settle the violation of neutral rights. The English Government did not object, but there were considerable objections to remove in matters of detail.

Mr. Bright presented the petition from the Union and Emancipation Society of Manchester, calling attention to the construction of war vessels for the rebels, asserting that forty ships were building under the pretence of being for China, and demanding of Government watchfulness and interference.

Mr. Foster said he would call attention to the subject on the 27th.

There had been considerable fluctuations in the rebel loan. Prices on the 24th varied from 3¾@22 premium, closing at the latter.

The London Star hears of the probable introduction of a similar loan of £20,000,000.

The total bids for the loan exceeded £18,000,000.

The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce debated the action of the New York Chamber, regarding the Alabama, but the matter was referred to a Committee.

Serious rioting had occurred at Staleybridge, and some adjacent towns of Lancashire, owing to a reduction in the allowance of the Relief Committees, and giving victuals instead of money. Houses were sacked and the military interfered. No bloodshed.

The city article of the London Herald, says:—That reports are current that the representatives of the U. S. Government have introduced proposals to the Banking authorities here, for a loan of five or six millions, based upon the transactions connected with an export of gold. Another plan mentioned is the hypothecation of the Custom duties at the principal Northern ports, for a specified period.

The Polish insurgents of Pack and Augustowo have received one thousand Minie rifles.

News from Vienna state that Langiewicz is still in the citadel of Cracow.

PARIS, March 28.—The Moniteur of this morning announces that all the centres of the Annamite (Cochin China) insurrections have been dispersed, and the fortifications and batteries of the insurgents taken possession of by the French troops.

All resistance by the insurgents has ceased; and but few of our men have been lost in the campaign.

LONDON, March 29.—The Denmark of March 27th says that great dissatisfaction prevails on account of the candidature of Prince William, and that strong objections are raised against it, the succession of the throne of Denmark being restricted to the three sons of Prince Christian.

ARRIVAL OF THE AFRICA.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

THE CASE OF THE PETERHOFF.

EXCITEMENT IN ENGLAND.

RUMORS OF AN AMERICAN EMBARGO.

Debate in Parliament on the American Question.

CONTINENTAL NEWS.

The Royal Mail steamship Africa from Liverpool on the 28th, via Queenstown the 29th ult., arrived at New York at half past 6 o'clock on Saturday. Her advices are three days later.

LONDON, March 29.—The steamer Magicienne which was captured by a United States gunboat and taken to Key West, has been released. It is consequently believed that the steamer Peterhoff will also be liberated on the same warrant.

The Evening Herald says that rumors are afloat that the Government, at Washington, intend laying an embargo on British ships and property, as a measure of retaliation for the depredations of the Alabama, and that this embargo will be enforced against British ships and property without any declaration of war against England. The onus of that step would, therefore, devolve on England. Mr. Seward, it is said, quotes an English precedent for this step, Lord Palmerston having, in 1852, blockaded the Dutch coast and laid an embargo on Dutch shipping, without making a declaration of war.

The steamer City of New York arrived out on the 24th ult.

The rebel loan has declined to ¾@¾ prem

The ship Florence, from Philadelphia, has arrived at Liverpool.

THE SEIZURE OF THE PETERHOFF.—On the 26th ult., a memorial regarding the seizure by Admiral Wilkes of the British steamer Peterhoff, bound from London to the Mexican port of Matamoras, was presented to Earl Russell through Mr. R. W. Crawford, M. P. to London, and a reply was received that it should be laid before the law officers of the crown and have immediate attention.

The Shipping Gazette, referring to the seizure of the Peterhoff, remarks that this interference with British commerce threatens really to assume very formidable proportions. It is said that some portions of the Peterhoff's cargo were owned by French subjects, and the Gazette urges that the time has come for the English Government and that of France to unite in such a representation to the Cabinet at Washington as will compel a respect for neutral rights.

Messrs. Bennett & Wake, shipowners, London, who have organized a line of steamers to Mexican ports, had addressed a letter to the Shipping Gazette complaining of the great inconvenience likely to arise if Admiral Wilkes continues arbitrarily to arrest British ships.

Rumors were current in London on the 27th that the action of Commodore Wilkes had induced the British government to order an addition to the British squadron in the West India waters, and the report caused a decline in the funds. The Times in its city article says:

At one time yesterday the Consols showed an improvement of ¼ per cent.; but there was a partial reaction in the afternoon on a report that the law officers of the Crown had declared the seizure of the Peterhoff by Admiral Wilkes illegal, and that our West India squadron will be forthwith ordered to protect the trade with Mexico from a repetition of this proceeding. A demand for the surrender of the Peterhoff will, it is assumed, be complied with with as much promptitude as was exhibited in the Trent affair, although it may be doubted if even this second lesson will convince the U. S. government of the loss of dignity they sustain by employing an officer so liable to fall into positions of humiliation.

The Morning Post says:—Rumors were yesterday flying about which had their origin in the recent seizure of the Peterhoff by Admiral Wilkes. It was assumed that we were to have another Trent affair on our hands. The Post says, as far as we know at present, the case of the Peterhoff is not likely to assume any alarming aspect, and it is not true that an additional force is to be despatched to the West India station. The case will be properly adjudicated. If Admiral Wilkes was in the right there will be nothing to complain of. If he was in the wrong, the owners of the Peterhoff will be amply indemnified. We may dismiss from our minds any anxiety as to a serious disturbance of our relations with the United States, arising out of this affair.

PARLIAMENT—DEBATE ON THE ALABAMA, &c.—In the House of Commons, on the 26th, Lord Henry Thynne asked whether the attention of government had been called to a statement that the government of the United States of America were recruiting in Ireland. He wished to know if these statements were true, and if so whether the government proposed to take any steps to prevent it.

Sir Robert Peel said no reports had been received on the subject. There had been rumors, but no authentic information had been obtained.

Mr. W. E. Forster asked whether the attention of the government had been directed to the danger to England's friendly relations with the United States, resulting from the fitting out in English ports of ships of war for the service of the self-styled Confederate States, in contravention with the foreign enlistment act, and the policy of neutrality adopted by England. He urged that, in great detail, the history of the fitting out of the Alabama in the yard of a gentleman holding a seat in that House.

The American Minister had continually called the attention of the government to the case, and at last it was referred to the law officers of the Crown, and after considerable delay their opinion was received, stating that the fitting out of vessels was illegal, but on only one day she was allowed to sail. The House was bound to inquire into this delay, for it was very likely to embroil England with the Americans, more

ARMY AND NAVY.

The U. S. steamers Alabama and Oneida were at Curacoa on the 22d ult.

Work at the Brooklyn Navy Yard continues to be pushed with the utmost vigor. The steamer Fow Chow has just been purchased for the Government, and will be forthwith converted into a gunboat. The prize steamer Adele is also to be fitted up as a gunboat. The steam despatch vessel Union sailed yesterday with supplies for the entire fleet south of Hatteras. She took out a large mail.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, April 15, 1863.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"AMY LACY'S REVERSES," by Mrs. M. F. A., we have filed for publication.

"CANATE AND HIS FLATTERERS," is received; but, as we doubt its originality, we shall hold it for the present.

"MART MARTIN," by W. G. S., is at hand, and will be disposed of at the earliest opportunity.

"GOD SAVE THE STATES," by J. G. R., is accepted.

TO FARMERS.

We would say to farmers who are accustomed to committing the results of their observations to paper, that our columns are ever open to their contributions. To those who are not in the habit of writing for the press, we would urge an attempt. They need not delay for want of literary ability; *fine* writing is not expected nor desired; plain *facts*, such as occur in the experience of all, are wanted, and if they are only dressed in the homely every-day garb in which farmers usually clothe their ideas in conversation, it is sufficient. A little practice will soon render it easy to write, and by habit it will even become a pleasure. One of the most distinguished contributors to the agricultural papers of the day, learned to write after he was forty years old, and while engaged in the practical labors of husbandry.

We invite inquiries on any subjects connected with agriculture, and trust that all will be free in proposing questions, which will be answered editorially or by contributors. The attention of our readers, generally, is particularly called to this, and those who are in possession of any information not shared by the public, are requested to remember the injunction—"*Do Good and Communicate.*"

TO COLLECTORS OF "STAMPS."

The National Intelligencer "deems it proper to state that the Postmaster-General has found it necessary to direct the seizure of collections of defaced postage stamps, and the arrest of persons engaged in their accumulation. If this be so, persons who have already made collections had better hold them as of little value, and perhaps devote them to destruction at once. It will be remembered that during last year immense collections of defaced stamps were made ostensibly for the purpose of manufacturing *papier mache*. The real object, however, was concealed. Careful handling and delicate chemical agents would soon restore many of these stamps and make them quite as good as new.

It is doubtless with the intent to check a presumed fraud that the Postmaster-General has issued the order above referred to. He is no malevolent being who thus, by a single stroke brings stamp collectors to grief, dooms to the flames the rarest collections of defaced stamps, and renders useless the literature devoted to the interesting and novel branch of eclecticism, which has become the latest "fancy" of the social and domestic exchange. The Postmaster-General is governed solely by considerations of duty and a regard for the public interest. How can he tell whether the collectors of stamps are defrauders of the revenue or harmless disciples of the new science, which for the time being has pushed aside so many other interests? Indeed, that eminent official has almost the sanction of positive law for his last decree, for a bill introduced in the last Congress to make the collection of defaced stamps a penal offence failed only for want of time.

CHARLESTON BOMBARDED.

Advices through rebel sources confirm the reports that the bombardment of Fort Sumter wasbegun on Tuesday, the 7th inst. The attack seems to have been more of a preliminary trial than a general assault, for only four of the iron-clads out of nine, including the Ironsides, at Charleston were engaged in it. These vessels commenced at 2 o'clock on Tuesday to try their metal upon Fort Sumter, all of them confining their fire to that fort, and kept it up for three hours, the vessels receiving the fires of all the forts and batteries within range. The Ironsides and Keokuk withdrew somewhat earlier than the other two, as the rebels suppose, disabled. The fact that the Ironsides got ground gives some color to the supposition, though being a ship of heavier draught than the others, she may have grounded from insufficient depth of water. Whether she was disabled or not, she was able to relieve herself from her unpleasant situation. The Keokuk, it is said, lies sunk on Morris Island. Three forts and several batteries concentrated their fire upon the vessels, and the odds, therefore, was greatly against the iron-clads in the cannonading, so that the engagement must have tested their strength very thoroughly. The Ironsides has 16 eleven-inch guns and 2 two hundred pound Parrots. The Monitors each have two guns, so that the whole force against Fort Sumter was from only nineteen guns. These guns, however, are of great calibre, and if within proper range undoubtedly did mischief.

The account says the range was 3000 yards. This is very long range, and we cannot see how an iron-clad monitor like the Keokuk could be so injured at that distance by the fire of the forts, as there is scarcely anything of her hull above water, and what is exposed is from four to five feet thick, with four and a-half inches of iron on the outside. The rebel account says seven turret ships and the Ironsides were within the bar next morning. No disposition was manifested to renew the attack. From the fact that the mortar boats took no part in the contest—mortars being regarded by Lieut. Howard Douglass as more effective than guns for bombarding, it seems clear that this was but a preliminary assault to test the ability of the iron-clads to stand the fire. The assembling of them all within the bar the next morning would seem to imply that the experiment was not so unsatisfactory as the rebels seem to think it. Upon this point, we must wait for some definite information.

BREAD RIOTS IN RICHMOND.

A report which seems to be sufficiently established as fact, is, that the destitution of the population in Richmond has been so great that the women have assembled and demanded food from the rebel authorities, threatening to take it from the army depots by violence. This would appear to confirm the many stories which come from that quarter of the actual suffering of the population from the want of the necessaries of life, everything in the shape of food having been seized for the army. How Davis and his coadjutors will meet this new difficulty is not very clear. War has wasted that part of the country of its present supplies, and the prospect is not very hopeful for those of the coming season. Conscription has carried off the white men, and the negroes cannot be left to cultivate the fields. Without food, either the army or the population will have to leave, unless the States still further to the south can furnish a supply. The seizure by the army of all it can lay its hands upon would imply that there is no great confidence reposed in that resource, and that the scarcity of supplies is much more general in the South than the wide extent of territory and its former productiveness would lead us to suppose.

THE LATEST FROM GENERAL FOSTER.—By the arrival of the steamship Emilie, yesterday, at this port, from Newbern, we learn some additional facts respecting the situation of Gen. Foster, at Washington, N. C. The reports previous to this were that he was surrounded by 16,000 of the enemy under General Hill, and that the river is so obstructed by rebel batteries that our gunboats had been unable to relieve him. One of the gunboats had, however, succeeded in getting through. The troops that were sent to the relief of Foster from Newbern were compelled to return. The Emilie left Newbern on Tuesday. At that time there was no confirmation of the report that Gen. Foster had surrendered.

THE NEXT HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The elections held for the next House of Representatives, so far, give the Republicans 85 and the Democrats 74—Vermont, 3; West Virginia, 3; California, 3; Maryland, 5; Kentucky, 9; and Missouri, 1 (vacancy), yet to hear from. It depends pretty much on Maryland and Kentucky which party will have the control power in the House, though the chances are in favor of the Republicans.

WAR ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

The destruction by the rebels in the Southern counties in Kentucky is immense. Southern sympathies continue to insist that the enemy will return in great force, and contend for the possession of that State; that no battle will occur at Tullahoma, and that Rosecrans will be drawn further into the interior, while an army through Eastern Tennessee will enter Kentucky and cut off Rosecrans from his supplies.

The army news is *in statu quo*. General Rosecrans continues "stuck in the mud," at Murfreesboro, or else so strongly resisted that it is perilous to try to advance. General Hooker is "in the mud," as General McClellan was, and must be, until May, or about the last of June. General Grant is "in swamp" or "half under water," with a steaming summer sun becoming eminently perilous to the health of his troops. General Banks has not force enough to do anything substantial. The more we now understand the army "strategy" that directed his movements, the more we have to deplore that if not sent on the lower James River, he was sent *down*, not *up* the Mississippi, to co-operate directly with General Grant. In Kentucky, the rebel *raiders* have fled, and Kentucky now, once more, seems all free from invasion; but in Tennessee, the Cumberland river navigation is again in peril, while the rail from Nashville to Louisville is about as unsafe as ever.

There is great anxiety respecting our very delicate relations with England. The taking of the rebel loan and the flitting out of more rebel steam privateers, is *practical*, if not theoretical, war against the United States. We may not be able to punish it, under the law of nations, but we feel it none the less.

Some of the New York papers are discussing the conscription act, the principle of which they defend, while the details they condemn. Others dwell upon business, commerce, currency, &c., but they present nothing new. The "strikes" continue in the city—the natural results of a variable, ever-changing currency, with the success, generally, of the strikers. The "Loyal Leagues" continue their organizations, with a great many Democrats going in "for the fun of the thing," as some of them say.

It is now definitely settled that no *Letters of Marque* will be issued at present. Action under the law will depend upon future events. The rebel steam vessels now building in England are said to be four, instead of ten. A Times Washington letter treats the state of things on the part of some prudent and intelligent statesmen, as showing that our relations with Great Britain seem to be more precarious than they have at any time been since the Trent affair. The Aries, prize steamer, just arrived here, is the identical vessel that was convoyed out of a neutral port by a British man-of-war. She was built in England by James Lang, and escaped with a cargo recently from Charleston, which port she reached through the aid of a rebel pilot sent over to Sutherland.

Washington correspondents are very confident that our relations with Great Britain occasion much anxious interest in official and unofficial circles. It is said that Mr. Seward has sent to Mr. Adams a very important despatch, which was considered in Cabinet, and it is believed that the despatch intimated to England that the sailing from a British port of another piratical craft similar to the Alabama, and the continued building of cruisers for the rebels, would be regarded as unfriendly acts.

NEWS AND NOTINGS OF THE WEEK.

☞ Business is said to have become very active in St. Louis.

☞ The Grand Vizier of Turkey receives a salary of $60,000 per annum.

☞ The Marquis of Hartington, who was lately in this city, has been made a Junior Lord of Admiralty, $5,000 a year.

☞ The Prince of Wales gave his school teacher a handsome Bible and a church living worth $3,500 per annum as a wedding present.

☞ A sensible man will be remembered long after the buffoon who sets the table in a roar is forgotten.

☞ There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence in that rarest of gifts—good breeding.

☞ If you agree to a thing, make it a point to "stick to the text," and remember that broken promises cling to a man eternally.

☞ There is no knowledge so thorough as that which is gained at last, after years of baffled and wondering inquiry.

☞ A gentleman in passing the shop of a Mr. Taswell, observed, that his name would be As Well without a T.

☞ A celebrated philosopher used to say, "The favors of fortune are like steep rocks; only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit."

☞ Langiewicz, the Polish hero, is said to have the most beautiful eyes in Europe. He is little in stature, but sweet, pretty. So says the Boston Post.

☞ Various parties have recently applied to the proper authorities for a supply of contrabands to be taken to the tropics and employed in agriculture. Many expressed a disposition to emigrate.

☞ We see it stated that Robert Small, the famous negro pilot, is to have charge of the first iron-clad that will attempt to run the gauntlet of the rebel batteries in the harbor of Charleston.

☞ A Horse Exhibition will take place at Norristown, in this State, on Wednesday, the 29th inst. The principal object of the display at this period of the year, is the promotion of the breed of fine animals, which is so much neglected generally in rural sections.

☞ Myriads of wild pigeons passed over Port Huron, Michigan, on the 23d ult. For two or three hours they continued to fly in such immense quantities as to frequently shut out the rays of the sun. In passing they made a noise resembling the roar of a hurricane. Millions of them wended their way northward.

☞ There were 292 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 123 were adults and 169 children. There were 45 from consumption of the lungs; 11 from convulsions; 4 from diarrhœa; 2 from dropsy; 1 from disease of the heart; 11 from debility; 7 from typhoid fever; 10 from inflammation of the lungs; 9 from marasmus; 5 from scarlet fever, and 6 from small pox. Deaths and interments of soldiers in the city, 12.

☞ The Connecticut election is over, and the democrats are beaten with a loss of some 800 or 1000 votes as compared with 1860. The New England line is intact now, save in three Congressional Districts—one in Maine (gain), another in New Hampshire (gain), and another in Connecticut—where there is a probable loss of a Democratic M. C.—so that New England stands in the coming Congress about as in the last—with the Republican net loss of only one M. C.

☞ We mentioned, some weeks ago, the coming fashion, in England, of enamelled steel shirt collars, but we confess we hardly looked for its introduction into our own country so soon. A city cotemporary informs us that they are beginning to come into general use here, in Philadelphia. He says that seen at even a short distance, they look like highly polished linen, differing from that article only in their greater lustre and cleanliness. The same material is worked into wristbands, and some of the New York ladies are fettering themselves in these novelties. The starch in this species of fabric is warranted to be perfect in all weathers, and one wipe of a sponge does all the washing."

☞ A correspondent at New York writes that when Barnum first took Tom Thumb to England the "show" at first proved a dead failure. For weeks the Londoners staid away. At length Phineas hit upon a plan. He took Tom into private quarters. He then sent forth to the nobility and gentlemen of England, special invitations, printed on satin, to come and see the wonder. Upon the appointed day Tom was standing upon a table, and behind him was a large dish containing pieces of gold. The nobility rolled in, talked to the dwarf, walked round, and upon seeing the plate "followed the fashion," each nobleman and gentleman tossing his piece of gold into the dish. Thus Barnum, who could not make his "shilling show" pay, realized largely. The Queen soon sent for the little man, and as seeing Her Majesty is all that is needed to make a man's fortune in England, Gen. Tom's harvest began at once. I have heard another story of the "little joint." He fell in love with his wife on sight, and insisted upon being married with the least possible delay. At the very first moment of introduction he cried out—

Madame, I have come a courting,
Your kind favors for to gain.
If you will listen to my kind ly endeavors,
Sunday night I'll come again.
Sunday night I'll come again,

They say this is his own composition. It is not great poetry, nor is it bad for one of the dwarf's size. I am told the young couple are very happy. Mr. and Mrs. Thumb and Mrs. Thumb's sister and Commodore Nutt go to England in June.

NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

As cotton becomes scarce and difficult to procure, inventive minds straightway begin to discover substitutes for it. The substitutes may not be equal to cotton, but they are certainly cheaper, and can be profitably used, it is thought, to eke out the deficiencies in the cotton supply. As this supply becomes more limited, the efforts to discover the long-sought perfect substitute will be multiplied. Great government prizes will probably be offered; cotton manufacturers will add encouraging premiums; all the quick mechanical wits of the world will be turned to this one subject; and who will venture to predict that some method of preparing a fibre cheaper and even better than cotton may not yet be discovered! Literally true is the old adage that "Necessity is the mother of Invention."

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The *Italian Opera*, under the management of Mr. Grau, ended its engagement on Monday evening, having lingered through one week—there being on no one occasion, as we are informed, a paying audience present. There were several reasons for this, for, though the company numbered in it several popular performers, the combination of company, chorus and orchestra was not effectively presented. Susini was hoarse and out of condition, and on one occasion the audience present was very coolly informed that he could not sing, for the reason that he wished to husband his resources of voice for some subsequent audience. Brignoli, in "Robert," fand on one or two other occesions, was so indifferent and unimpassioned towards his fellow artists, as to almost invite an expression of disapprobation on the part of the audience. His loud and frequent rehearsals behind the scenes, while the opera was proceeding, was also felt and freely spoken of as an insult to both auditors and actors. Add to these drawbacks the facts that the orchestra was confessedly the poorest that ever accompanied an opera performance in the Academy, and that the management rigidly adhered to the unwise policy of adding fifty cents to the price of admission for a reserved seat, while seats were vacant in all parts of the house, and there need be no wonder that the engagement was a failure. Had such a company succeeded, under the circumstances, it would have reflected unfavorably on the taste, spirit and intelligence of our opera goers. Whenever an efficient opera company is presented to the Philadelphia public, and its business is properly managed, success, for a season of moderate length is not more certain in any city in or out of the country. The last engagement seemed to have been inaugurated and carried through as a sort of test of the patient endurance of our people. The thing was appreciated and rebuked quietly, orderly, and it is hoped effectively—namely, by a liberal display of empty benches.

At the new *Chesnut Street Theatre*, Mr. Forrest having concluded his engagement, and withdrawn from the stage until the first week in September next, Miss Bateman commenced an engagement on Monday evening of this week, in the new drama of "*Leah, The Forsaken.*" In subject and action, the play refers to a period (the early part of the Eighteenth century) when the persecution of the Jewish race in German Austria was at the most bitter and malignant height. The story relates to the loves of one of the persecuted race and one of the persecuting, and embraces some of the most powerful dramatic situations afforded in any drama ever played. In New York, Miss Bateman's impersonation of the Jewish maiden quite electrified the public for thirty consecutive nights. Much attention has been given here to dresses, scenic effects, music, etc.

At the *Arch Street Theatre*, this week, Mr. E. Adams, a worthy young actor, succeeds Miss Mary Provost. He appeared on Monday evening in an entirely new play, written by the late Judge Conrad, for Edwin Forrest, entitled "*The Heretic.*" The scene is laid in France. The incidents are supposed to occur about eighteen months after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the action of the play occupies but one day and night. Mr. Adams and the new play drew a full house, which received the performance with the liveliest demonstrations of satisfaction.

At the *Walnut Street Theatre*, we also have a new drama, from Miss Braddon's popular novel, of "Aurora Floyd," with Miss Kate Denin as the heroine. This is said to be a play of many thrilling effects. During the week, several of the stock company take their annual benefits. Mrs. Anna Cowell offers an attractive bill for Wednesday evening, and Mr. Thayer, one for his on Thursday evening.

The *Circus* is closed for the season; and this is the last week of *Signor Blitz* at the Assembly Building. This is also announced as positively the last week of the wonderful performances in this city of the *Bohemian Glass Blowers*. Carncross & Dixey, at the *Eleventh Street Opera House*, have a full and efficient company of performers in negro singing, playing and dancing.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Resources of California. By John S. Hittel. New York: W. J. Middleton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This large, handsomely issued volume is from the California press, and is full of really interesting and instructive reading. The author embodies in his purpose the great and important interests of agriculture, mining, geography, climate, commerce, etc., together with the past and future development of the State. California has astonished the world by the great migration that sudden built up the first large Caucasian community on the shores of the North Pacific, by her vast yield of gold, amounting in the thirteen years to *seven hundred millions of dollars*; by the rapid development and great extent of her commerce; by the greatness of her chief port, which at one time had more large ships at her anchorage than was ever seen together in the harbor of either Liverpool, New York, or London; by the prompt organization of her government; by the rush of adventurers of every color and of every tongue; by the price of her labor, rates of interest on money, and the extent of her gold fields; by her silver mines that promise to rival those of Peru; her quicksilver, her sulphur, her asphaltum, her boroax, etc.

North American Review for April-June. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. Philadelphia: W. B. Zeiber.

The number for the current quarter contains ten interesting papers, and thirty-three shorter notices. "The Roman Bar," a very readable and agreeable review of the life, character, correspondence and habits of Gray, the poet of the "Elegy," and the "Bard," an article on Mauritius, with some information about Creoles and Coolies, one of a Dramatic Poem, called "Salome, the daughter of Herodias," who danced off the head of John the Baptist, at the request of her amiable step-father, a valuable paper on Pomology, Mr. Cairne's book on the Slave-power, and Merrivale's History of the Romans.

Campaigns of 1862 and 1863. By Emil Schalk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

The great purpose of this volume is to illustrate the truth of the principles of strategy, by the varied chances of the year 1862, and to prove from their results that the great principles of war cannot be violated with impunity. To this end the author has presented an investigation, both of the great disasters which have befallen our armies, and the successes which they have achieved. Those of our readers of a military turn of mind will be interested and instructed by this review of the different operations, in the purely military view in which they are considered, and by the exposure of the errors of the past, learn to avoid similar ones in the compaigns to come.

Sea Kings and Naval Heroes. By John G. Edgar [Illustrated.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A very nice book for young folks, giving brief sketches of some notable English and other naval heroes, as Rollo the Norman, Sweyn the Dane, Sir Francis Drake, Raleigh, Admiral Blake, Prince Rupert, Benbow, Rodney, Howe, Nelson, Collingwood, &c. The illustrations show Nelson hauling down the Spanish flag, Harold Harfager having his hair combed, Sir Andrew Wood addressing his crew, Blake surprised by a broadside from Van Tromp, Sir Cloudesly Shovel's first enterprise, and Collingwood in retirement.

Tax Payers' Manual. New York: Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

The most *interesting* of all the new publications is the Tax Payers' Manual, a new and complete copy of which is before us, from the publication office of Appleton & Co.—well indexed, well arranged, and well printed. This is now for some years to be a sort of Business Bible for everybody in commerce and trade, or for everybody that owns property. We shall not be free from the study of it, this generation nor the next, nor the next after,—as the war is now going on.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK is the title of a new novel by the ever popular and pleasing Mrs. Gaskill, authoress of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Barton," "My Lady Ludlow," etc. It is issued as No. 229 of Harper's Library of Select Novels, and uniform with that popular series. Peterson has it.

PRINCIPIA LATINA, a first course in Latin comprehending grammar, delectus, and exercises, with vocabularies, has just been issued in good style by the Harpers, and is for sale in this city by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

THE REPORTED ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.—It seems probable from the despatches in the Southern papers that the movement preliminary to a speedy assault upon Charleston has commenced. From the statements made in the letters from Port Royal, it is likely the attack will not be made direct upon the rebel fortifications in the harbor, but that the fleet will first co-operate with the land forces to secure a footing on the surrounding islands, with a view to advance against the rebel works. The accounts from Charleston say this force has been landed on John's Island, and skirmishing had begun, but nothing further is communicated, from which we infer that the troops have not yet advanced to the attack. The speculations which come by telegraph from Washington, in the absence of any further facts, are of very little value. They know no more there about an attack than we do here, and it can scarcely be of sufficient importance to telegraph what is hoped for and believed in that quarter.

☞ We see it stated that Mrs. Magee, of Rowena, Wells county, Indiana, has presented her husband, during the last three years and a half, with no less than twelve children, all of whom are alive. The births occurred as follows: June 24, 1858, one child, June 30, 1859, two children; May 29, 1860, two children; March 29, 1861, three children, February 13, 1862, four children.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

The War in North Carolina—Gen. Foster's Critical Position.

NEW YORK, April 13.—The steamer Dudley Buck arrived at this port, this morning, from Newbern on the 9th.

She brings a report that it was expected that General Foster would have to surrender from want of provisions.

The transport Northerner left Newbern on the 7th, with eight hundred men of Spinola's brigade, to assist General Foster, by way of Tar river; but meeting with a number of rebel batteries, she was forced to return. There was no one hurt on the trip. General Foster's forces at Washington consist of twelve hundred men.

On the 5th, a force of 8000 men left Newbern by way of Neuse river, under General French, to reinforce Foster; but, meeting with a superior force of rebels, returned to Newbern, on which place the rebels were marching.

NEW YORK, April 13.—A letter from Colonel Lissell, an officer under General Foster, under date of the 9th, says the latter cannot hold out much longer, being short of provisions and completely surrounded.

A special despatch to the Boston Herald, dated Newbern, April 9th, says:—"A reconnoitering cavalry force, which was sent out overland on Tuesday encountered a strong force of rebel pickets ten miles from here, and drove them in five miles. Yesterday a large force went over the Neuse river on an overland expedition for the relief of Gen. Foster. A transportation train was taken across the river last night to the places where the expedition is encamped. Every precaution is being taken against a surprise here. It is expected that there will be some hard fighting up the road. The rebels are reported to be in immense numbers, and it is rumored that Genl. Lee is in command.

An officer, who arrived here to-day, in the steamer Dudley Buck, says that Genl. Foster had provisions sufficient only for the use of his troops on the 11th inst.

Well informed persons deny the statement that the large reinforcements which were sent overland from Newbern had returned, although some of the baggage trains and artillery have been stuck in the mud.

The rebel forces between Washington and Greenville are reported to number 20,000 under Gen. Hill and 7,000 under Gen. Pettigrew.

The gunboat Valley City is said to have reached Washington, riddled with cannon balls.

The steamer Dudley Buck touched at Fortress Monroe, where it was rumored that Gen. Foster had surrendered.

NEW YORK, April 13.—The gunboat Valley City, which passed the rebel batteries below Washington, N. C., to General Foster's assistance, was struck by a 63-pound shot. Her fate was not subsequently known.

From the Lower Mississippi.

CINCINNATI, April 13.—The Yazoo Pass expedition returned to Helena on the 8th inst. It left Fort Greenwood on the 5th inst. As soon as the bustle of preparation incident to the departure was observed by the enemy, he opened a brisk fire of shot and shell upon the woods where our batteries had been planted, which was continued until the last boat steamed up the river. On the passage up the Tallahatchie and Coldwater rivers, nearly every boat was fired upon by guerrillas concealed in the canebrakes. Numbers of soldiers were wounded, and from 25 to 30 in all were killed. Captain Ketchum, of the steamer Cheeseman, was instantly killed, five balls entering his body. Capt. Martin, of the A. D. Hines, was severely wounded, but will recover.

General Quinby and Hovey, with each a division, are ordered to Vicksburg. Gen. Grant has removed his head-quarters to Milliken's Bend. It is understood he has refused all exchange of prisoners till the rebels consent to exchange the captured officers. They are in the habit of sending them South. Osterhaus' Division marched to New Carthage on the 5th inst., drove out the rebels with small loss, and now occupies the place. Another division is to be sent there.

Farragut and his fleet were expected daily. The preparations to run by the Vicksburg batteries with the gunboats and transports indicate a combined attack on Port Hudson from above and below.

A cavalry expedition under Lieut. Col Heath, of the Fifth Ohio, left Memphis on the 7th for Hernandez, Miss. They routed several squads of guerillas, captured two of Blythe's men, and wounded several. Among the former was Col. Fletcher, Blythe's right-bower. The expedition sustained no loss.

The Gazette's Cairo despatch of the 11th says: On Sunday last a battle of some magnitude took place between Gen. McClernand and the rebels in small force, near Richmond, La. The rebels fell back, and the Unionists occupied the town and then moved on to Lagrange.

A caravan expedition, under General Steel, had gone up Black Bayou, where it met some rebel regiments. The rebels were driven over the Bayou. They burned a bridge; our troops rebuilt it and proceeded on.

The War in Tennessee.

CINCINNATI, April 13.—Since his fight at Franklin, Van Dorn has fallen back beyond Springhill. In his retreat, he threw two field pieces into a creek. Van Dorn supposed that most of our troops had been withdrawn from Franklin, and, as at Corinth, got whipped. The enemy is reported several thousand strong in the vicinity of Lebanon, expressing their determination to hold that country. Pegram is at Sparta, reorganizing his forces to annoy our communications.

A passenger train from Murfreesboro' to Nashville was captured south of Antioch, on Friday afternoon, by 300 rebels under Colonel Ferrill. Nine cars were burned, with the mail. Nearly one hundred passengers, including a dozen or twenty officers, and thirty or forty sutlers and some soldiers of the 16th Michigan, were captured.

The guard, with 43 rebels in charge, made a stand to fight. They lost six killed and a dozen wounded. The rebels lost the same number. Among the prisonere were Colonel Wood, Sixteenth Indiana, Colonel George P. Buell, Fifty-eighth Indiana, Major Cliff, First Middle Tennessee cavalry. The rebels took the rails from the road and fired into the train. The Unionists were robbed of their valuables. One sutler lost three thousand dollars. A nephew of General Rousseau lost fourteen thousand dollars belonging to his regiment. The rebel officers professed to be indignant, but did not attempt to restore the money. Our people lost from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars. Pursuit was made, but it was ineffectual. Our prisoners were forced to march at the double-quick.

Rebel Inhumanity.

MURFREESBORO', April 9.—After our expedition left Taylorville, on the 3d, two men of Wilder's command were captured by the rebels, and both inhumanly shot. Their names were John Vanse and Ben Montgomery, of the 72d Indiana. Montgomery was instantly killed. Vanse, although shot through the head three times and horribly mangled, has reached camp and made a written statement of his sufferings. A Captain French and a man named Courtwright did the shooting. They took two rings from the finger of Montgomery, saying that they would give them to their sweethearts.

Colonel Wilder destroyed part of the village of Saulsbury, consisting of the dwelling of a notorious guerrilla.

From Central Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, April 13.—A despatch, dated Somerset, Ky., April 11th, says Woodford occupied the extreme front. The enemy hold the opposite bank of the Cumberland, and have been reinforced by Wm. Breckinridge, with a force of conscripts. Clarke joined Pegram, but returned afterwards to Williamsburg. Pegram, Scott and Carter have been arrested and sent to Knoxville. The rebel loss at Dutton's Hill is now admitted to exceed five hundred.

The War in Eastern Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, April 13.—A special despatch from Louisa, Ky., April 8th, says: Gen. White sent out two companies of infantry, last night, to the mouth of Hurricane creek, ten miles from North Point, who routed and put to flight a band of Jenkins' men, after a severe skirmish. They are known to be part of those who attacked Point Pleasant, Va. Two lieutenants and several privates were taken. They had gathered with the intention of capturing Government steamers on the Big Sandy river. The force of Marshall, who attacked us on the 24th ult., has been ascertained to be 2500 men, from the books of their commissary.

The War in Florida.

NEW YORK, April 13.—The steamer Honduras arrived at this port this morning, from New Orleans on the 3d, via Key West on the 6th inst.

She fell in with the United States bark Pursuit, in her voyage, and towed her into Key West. The Pursuit had been at Tampa Bay, Florida, and while there it appears that three rebels, disguised as women, were seen standing on shore waving the white flag to attract attention. A boat, with an officer and ten men, was immediately sent to their assistance from the bark; but when they landed, a body of fifty or sixty rebels rose from the bushes and fired on the boat, wounding five of the men. The crew jumped overboard, and using the boat as a barricade, pulled her off the shore, at the same time firing on the enemy. One of the disguised rebels was shot. The boat finally got to the ship. The officer in command of it was wounded in the arm, which will probably be amputated.

Army Order Respecting Secession Sympathizers.

CINCINNATI, April 13.—Gen. Burnside has issued an order pronouncing the penalty of death on all persons found guilty of aiding the rebels. Persons sympathizing with the rebels will be arrested and tried or sent beyond the lines. The order says: "It must be distinctly understood that treason expressed or implied will not be tolerated in this Department."

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and his son, left Washington on Tuesday afternoon last for Steubenville, Ohio, and returned at two o'clock yesterday (Sunday) morning.

Ex-Representative Low, of California, will receive his Commission as Collector of Customs at San Francisco, by the next steamer.

Rumored Resignation of Gen. McClellan.

NEW YORK, April 12.—A special despatch to the Herald, from Washington, mentions a rumor that General McClellan has sent in his resignation.

The War Department has decided that the mustering out of the two years regiments must date from the time when they were mustered into the service of the United States.

Heavy Robbery at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

NEW YORK, April 13.—The Paymaster's safe at the Brooklyn Navy Yard was robbed, last night, of from $120,000 to $13,000 legal tenders.

A Whaler Chased by the Pirate Retribution.

NEW YORK, April 12.—The whaler Ellen Kisben, recently arrived at Grand Cayman, reports having been chased for twelve hours by the pirate Retribution on the 15th ult.

The Missouri State Convention.

ST. LOUIS, April 11.—A special dispatch from Jefferson City to the Democrat, says, that the Governor will issue a proclamation convening the old State Convention on the 15th of June, and order an election to fill the vacancies in the Convention of May 25th.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, April 13, 1863.

The demonstration of the "Loyal National League," at Union Square, Saturday afternoon, in commemoration of the rebel attack upon Fort Sumter, was participated in by 20,000 to 30,000 persons, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. The people were addressed from six different stands. The principal speakers were Maj. Gen. Sigel, Maj Genl. Fremont, Hon. M. Genl. Blair, Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, Judge Kelley and Benjamin H. Brewster, of Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia Union League Club attended the meeting in a body. They were received on their arrival at Delmonico's, in Fourteenth st., by two of the New York clubs, on which occasion they partook of an lunch, and responded to sundry speeches of welcome.

The dry goods auction sales continue well attended. There are a large number of merchants from the neighboring cities in attendance. The sales to-day were very animated—and although prices were not as high as expected they were considered fair. A large offering of British dress goods was knocked down at a moderate advance over last season, as was a catalogue of ribbons and fancy goods.

A romance in real life—affording foundation enough for a first-class yellow-covered novel—came to the notice of the police, last Friday, in the case of Charles Noll, a young man about 21 years of age, (a soldier in the army,) recently came home on a furlough, but over-staying his time, he was afraid to go back lest he should be shot as a deserter; he, therefore, proposed to his betrothed, a young girl named Wilhelmina Stuben, as the best means of escaping condemnation, that he should commit suicide by taking poison. He accordingly purchased a quantity of laudanum, and after administering some to the girl, who insisted on taking it, took a dose himself. They both then laid down to die. A neighbor entering the room, found Noll dead, and the girl insensible. The life of the latter, however, is now out of danger.

A fire broke out last Thursday in the fifth story of No. 246 Canal street, and before the flames could be extinguished, property to the value of $5,000 was destroyed. The principal sufferers were Jacob Basch, ivory turner; Dupont & Hartnig, perfumers, and Mr. Cohen, braid manufacturer. The losses however were fully covered by insurance.

The speculations in real estate are beginning to slack up a little, and some of the shrewdest dealers suspect that the business has been slightly overdone. Still large prices continue to change hands from day to day at fancy prices.

Steamships City of Washington and Hansa sailed from this port on Saturday, the first for Liverpool and the second for Bremen. They have an aggregate of about 305 passengers, among whom I see the names of Rev. D. Irving, Rev. Albert Bushnell, Rev. Henry Schafer, Hon. E. C. Larned. Also, Charles Neff and Rudolph Oelwermann, of Philadelphia.

The week closed with a very easy money market. On call there was a very full supply—with but a moderate demand at 5½ a 6 per cent., best names were scarce—but not sought after.

A PARIS journal reports that a very scandalous affair has lately caused annoyance at the Turkish embassy in the French capital. The story is that when Vely Pasha was ambassador he wrote to the Sultan for 30,000 francs to pay his debts. The Sultan sent the money, but the Pasha only distributed 30,000 francs of it among his creditors, and carried off the rest. The embassy is now besieged by clamorous tradesmen; complaints have been forwarded to Constantinople, and various actions have been brought.

VALUE OF TIME.—Life must be pretty fast in some of our cities if we are to judge by the following item from a cotemporary:—"We feel bound to deny that one of our lawyers put on his door, 'Gone to bury my wife; be back in half an hour.' But candor compels us to say that one of our lumbering merchants, the last sickness of his wife occurring in the busiest season, was only able to get in time for the second prayer at her funeral."

PREPARING FOR THE DRAFT.—A Washington correspondent says: In the Department of the Interior maps of each of the States are in preparation for the use of the Provost Marshal General, each exhibiting the limits of the several Congressional districts into which the State is divided. The number of assistant Provost Marshals to be appointed in each district may depend upon its locality and territorial extent.

GEN. BURNSIDE went to the theatre in Cincinnati the other night to see Cubas dance, and when called upon for a speech bowed and excused himself by saying he came to witness the performance, not to perform himself. The house cheered brave old "Burn."

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—The stock market on Saturday, in consequence of the various unsatisfactory reports from before Charleston, was inactive, and prices quite irregular. Gold fluctuated between 154 and 151. Government loans were steady at about Friday's quotations. State and City loans were unchanged, and only a sale or two of each reported. The bonds and shares of all the more reliable companies were firmly held. The latter stocks were all better. Philadelphia and Erie improved ½, with very considerable sales. Catawissa preferred rose ¼, closing at second board at 23¼. Schuylkill Navigation 6's, of 1882, sold at 72, an advance of ½. The shares were also a shade higher, as were also the shares and loans of the Susq Canal. Morris Canal, preferred, rose ½. All the local banks are in good demand, there being few bidders all through the list, and very few sellers. The securities of the Passenger Railways are also in good request, and, as the rule, are reached only by an advance of prices. At the close the market was steady, but irregular as to prices. The sales of the Twenty Year six per cent. bonds, at the office of Jay Cooke, were again large, amounting to about ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

—On the first of April the entire indebtedness of the Government, including requisitions, United States notes, certificates and bonded debts, was two hundred and twenty-nine millions, at an average interest of three and one-third per cent. There are three hundred and forty-five millions of Treasury notes out, bearing no interest. This we have from official authority.

—As there seems to be some apprehension in the public mind relative to the rules by which the United States Treasury Department is governed in the redemption of Treasury notes and postage currency, we republish the following:

1.

THE DUMB GIRL.

[What a exquisite picture has here chanced to be the mothe f a dumb child.]

She is my only girl.
I asked for her as a me precious thing,
For all unfinished was love's jewelled ring
Till set with this fair pearl; [see;
The shad that Time brought forth I could not
How pure, how perfect, seemed the gift to me!

Oh, many a soft old tune
I used to sing unto that deadened ear,
And suffered not the light-st foot teps near,
Lest she might wake too soon: [lay—
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she
Ah! needless care! I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me:
Waited and watched God knows how patiently,
How willingly deceived:
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,
And tended hope until it pined to death.

Oh! if she could but hear
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me *mother*, in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tires
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
Or lift those earnest eyes [knew,
To watch our lips, as though our words she
Then move her own, as she was speaking, too.

I've watched her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul *would* burst its binding cords,
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,
All the grand music to which Nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her: the world of sound a tuneless void;
While even *Silence* hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;
Her blue eye beautiful: of finest mould [gold,
The soft white brow, over which, in waves of
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within
Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free,
Even that *His* still, small voice and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine, [thrill!
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer
Then should I grieve! O, murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play;
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I once had the fear
That even *her father* would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee,
Oh! at such times I know—
By his full eye and tones subdued and mild—
How his heart yearns toward his silent child.

Not of *all* gifts bereft,
Even now. How could I say she did not speak!
What real language lights her eye and cheek,
And renders thanks to Him who left
Unto her soul yet open avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use.

And God in love doth give
To her defect a beauty of its own,
And we a deeper tenderness have known
Through that for which we grieve.
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear,
Yea, and *my* voice shall fill it—but *not here*.

When that new sense is given,
What rapture will its first experience be,
That never woke to mean r melody
Than the rich songs of heaven—
To *hear* the full-toned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound!

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

POTATOES.

Saving of Labor in Planting and Cultivating them.

In the issue of the "Newspaper" for Feb. 18th, we submitted, for the consideration and benefit of the numerous readers thereof, some facts and suggestions calculated to aid such as may not be able to command as much manual labor as in former years to devise methods of raising their potato crop with less of this kind of labor than formerly. So great, indeed, will be the scarcity of agricultural laborers for the season now close at hand, and so exceedingly high the wages of those that can be had, that all of us will be *driven* either by necessity or a prudent regard to save ourselves from loss, to devising and planning all possible methods of saving labor or hired help in the raising, not only of the potato, but of all the other crops, and in the cultivation of our farms generally during the approaching season. As we have said in the communication referred to, "the work on our farms *must* be done, during the coming season, either by labor-saving processes or not at all, as hundreds and thousands even, of our laboring population, and of farmers' sons, will be absent from their usual places of abode, fighting for the safety and integrity of their country, and for the maintenance of the best government on the face of the earth, and not, as heretofore, in helping farmers to raise their crops."

In the communication referred to we made *but a beginning* of presenting to the readers of this journal the results of our researches and cogitations with a view to devise some labor-saving process, and said that as many readers of the "Newspaper" must be engaged in the same business of contriving labor-saving processes in the raising potatoes and of other crops, and as all should be willing and ready to help their brethren in this new kind of head-work and planning forced upon us by the circumstances of the times, we would wait, perhaps, to hear from some of them before continuing our remarks.

Accordingly we have waited, and have looked weekly for some communication intended to furnish farmers with some hint, help, information or suggestion which might aid them in forming their plans for getting along in raising crops with less hired help, but have looked, alas! in vain, as far, at least, as to the issue of March 18th. For this backwardness in farmers to come to the help of their brethren it seems difficult to account, and it is scarcely possible to regard it in any other way than with sorrow as well as surprise. But, perhaps, there are *com*munications of the kind so much needed now on their way to be greeted with a welcome reception and an attentive perusal by the agricultural readers of the "Dollar Newspaper;" and with hopes of this, we resume the presentation of the results of our researches as to methods by which the potato crop may be raised with less than the usual amount of *hard labor*.

In the course of the next week, after the appearance of our previous communication on this subject, the issue of the "Country Gentleman," of Feb. 25th, contained an article under the heading of "How I Raise Potatoes;" and as several hints may be derived from the method pursued by the writer of that communication, we will, take the liberty of presenting the substance of it to our readers.

The writer, J. H. Jewett, Moravis, N. J, commences with the remark that it is a matter of prime importance to all who raise this staple article of food as a field crop to lessen as far as possible the cost of production, and that horse-labor is the secret of producing crops cheaply. He then goes on to describe the kind of soil which he selects for a potato crop, namely, one that is gravelly and well-drained; and says that he plows rather deeply, harrows fine, and marks out with his corn-marker, the rows three feet four inches apart. He then takes "Shares' horse-hoe," with the teeth removed, and with one horse follows the marks and opens a furrow as deep as possible; drops the seed about eighteen inches apart, with the cut side down every time, potatoes of medium size being cut into two or three pieces; then he takes the same implement with which he opened the furrow, and spreading the wings well, passes through each space between the rows, "covering them in the nicest possible manner—deeper and better than any dollar-a-day-hand would do it." As soon as the potatoes are up large enough to hoe, he goes through them with the same horse-hoe, hilling them slightly, and at the second hoe runs deeper so as to hill higher and leave a gutter between the rows. He thinks this affords great protection in a wet season, and in a dry one potatoes are not very apt to suffer from drouth. He adds, that though hand-labor is almost unnecessary, still he generally follows with the hoe, about as fast as a man would travel, fixing here and there a hill, and hoeing the ends of the rows. Mr. Jewett has not yet dug his potatoes by horse-power; but will, probably, this year, as well as some others of us, and thus much lessen the hand-labor.

As our sheet is full, we presume the reader will have enough for one reading. But before potato-planting time we hope to lay other facts and plans before those concerned. DANA.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CULTURE OF SUGAR CANE.

The continued high price of sugar and molasses presents at present a strong motive to farmers to engage in the culture of sugar canes adapted to the Northern States. The experiment of raising them has been tried already a few years with encouraging success. The product has been found valuable in several respects, apart from the main design of culture. And we have every reason to believe that now, more than at any previous time, it is desirable to direct attention to a larger yield of the Sorghum. The two varieties mostly cultivated are the Chinese and African Sorghum. Each variety has its particular friends, and while the one kind is perhaps best adapted to certain soils, the other may prove more satisfactory in a different locality. The Chinese cane will thrive upon a soil less rich than the African. A good soil will, however, afford satisfactory results with either variety. A warm, rich sandy soil, when it can be chosen, will generally prove the best, as the plant is more likely to suffer from wet springs than from dry summers. The ground for this crop should be plowed deep, as the roots penetrate to a considerable distance into the earth. The seed should be planted as soon as the ground is warm and dry, and, previous to planting, should be soaked in warm water until an appearance of germination is perceived. As the cane will bear transplanting, it may be started early in hot-beds and transplanted in May or June. If planted in rows they should be about four feet apar; if in drills, four inches between each seed. Do not cover the seed with more than *one inch* of soil in depth, and give the plant the attention in cultivation that you would bestow upon Indian corn. M.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada]

FLAX CULTURE.

By an article on this subject in the "Newspaper" of Jan. 21st, I called the attention of its readers to the importance of cultivating as large an amount of flax as possible the coming season, and to the practicability and profit of the home manufacture of linen as a substitute for the cotton fabric for domestic purposes. The fact that cotton and cotton goods still continue to advance in price, and the little prospect there is that they will very soon be much lower; and the prospect there is of a future demand for flax fibre for manufacturing purposes and paper-making, should cause every farmer to take into serious consideration the propriety of devoting a few acres of his farm, the coming season, to the growing of a crop of flax, not only as an item of economy for home consumption, but as a crop likkly to be very remunerative. The fact that common shirting muslin is now retailing in our country stores at 45 cents per yard, and all cotton goods in proportion, should lead farmers to count the cost of cultivating and manufacturing flax for home use, and see if in it they have not got a complete substitute for cotton, which can be produced much cheaper than to buy cotton goods at such prices as now prevail, and not only cheaper but much better and more serviceable when got. Much attention has been given by the agricultural papers and press of the country during the past few months to the importance, at this time, of the extensive cultivation of flax, and doubtless the discussion of the matter has been instrumental in awakening public attention to the subject. It is clear, however, to those who have investigated the matter that the business of growing flax and preducing fibre is yet very imperfectly understood by the farmers of this country. So that all practical information that can be given on the subject is very acceptable to all farmers who think of embarking in the business.

In the article in the "Newspaper" of Jan. 21st, I gave some account of the kind of soil best adapted to the culture of flax, and of the best time for plowing, and proper manner of preparing the soil. The roots of the flax plant extend to a great depth into the soil, hence the importance of deep cultivation for the crop. Where autumn or winter plowing has been adopted, the only preparation required for the seed, in the spring, is to plow a very light furrow, then harrow once or twice with a small tooth harrow to level the surface and bring the whole into a perfectly fine tilth. If the soil be cloddy after the spring plowing and harrowing, it should be rolled before the seed is sown, and after the sowing a thick brush harrow should be employed to pulverize the surface. Seasons differ so very much that no precise period for sowing the seed can with safety be given. In many regions where flax is extensively cultivated, the safe and unerring rule for sowing, is claimed to be just before the forest trees put forth their leaves, and when the fruit trees show the first evidences of blossoming. If the sowing is protracted beyond this time the crop will be seriously affected, especially if the season be very dry. My rule is to sow at the very earliest period at which the seed will vegetate, without subjecting it to risk from the spring frosts. Early sowing and deep culture have the advantages of permitting the roots of the plants to penetrate to the full depth that the soil is pulverized, in the early part of the summer, before the ordinary season of drouth arrives, and thus the crop will be secured against injury, even if the season be somewhat unpropitious. The quantity of seed that should be sown per acre is from three pecks to one bushel, according to the strength of the land on which it is sown. If flax is sown too thick on a rich soil, it has a tendency to lodge or fall, and will, consequently, not come to perfection, neither in seed or fibre. If the soil is somewhat worn, more seed should be put upon the acre than if the soil was rich, because it will not grow so tall, will branch less near the top, and will have less tendency to lodge. The flax crop may be greatly increased in yield by applying, about two weeks after the plants appear above the ground, as a top dressing, a compost composed of three bushels of wood ashes, one bushel of plaster, and one bushel of common salt for each acre. But few crops exhaust the soil to a greater extent than do flax, and consequently it should not be sown on the same soil oftener than once in five or six years. Clover is the best crop to follow flax. It may be sown with the flax, and if the flax is pulled no damage will be done the young clover plants, but, on the contrary, the loosening of the soil by the operation will impart a vigorous growth to the clover. If timothy, or other grasses are desired to follow the flax, they should not be sown until directly after the pulling of the flax. BUCKEYE.

Chili, O., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SAVING OF LABOR IN HAY-MAKING.

Something has already been said in the columns of the "Newspaper" upon a subject which is of special importance at the present time, namely, the saving of labor in raising our usual farm crops. Help on the farm will be very scarce this season, and when to be had will be so dear that every one will try to get along with as little as possible. Foreseeing this condition of affairs, we have been moved to do what we could in the way of offering suggestions to the many of our brethren who will need the aid of all the contrivances for saving labor for which they may be able to devise themselves, as well as all the suggestions with which their brother-farmers and mechanical inventors may be kind enough and public-spirited enough to lay before the public. Hoping that some of the many readers of the "Newspaper" will contribute whatever plans or suggestions they may have thought of, or may have come to their knowledge in any way, that may aid us in getting our crops raised and harvested with less help and labor than formerly, we now add another piece of information of that kind to those which we have previously given through these columns.

When hay-harvest comes there will be an almost universal want of hands to mow, rake, &c. Now, then, brethren, what will you do? It seems that clubs should now be made of those who are not able, or do not think it would pay, to purchase a mower for themselves, and let a machine be procured to be owned in company or partnership. A horse-rake should also be provided in the same way. By the help of these implements haying may be done, even were help not as scarce as it is, at one-fourth of the expense of getting it done by scythes and hand-rakes; but *now* it must be done in this way, or not at all in many cases. Let neighbors get together, then, and see what they can do *in this way*, to help one another and themselves at the same time. But this is not the labor-saving process which we have taken pen in hand to make mention of. In the "Annual Register of Rural Affairs," for 1862, we find a machine figured and described, which we think many would find to be exceedingly useful in the present scarcity of help. It is called a hay-sweep; and when the hay is secured in stacks or in barns contiguous to the hay-field, the use of the hay-sweep in connection with the horse-fork, would probably enable two or three men and two boys, with three horses, to draw and pack away thirty tons a day or even more. Its operation cannot be described without the help of a wood-cut illustration; and therefore the reader must be referred to the original little book or pamphlet in which it is figured and described. The "Annual Register of Rural Affairs," for 1862, is a volume of about 150 pages—price 25 cents. Full directions are given for making this new and labor-saving implement; and any farmer handy with tools could make one for himself. It may be made for $5, and would save more than its cost in one season, as a means of securing hay *rapidly* without loading and unloading wagons in the usual way. DANA.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

HOW ABOUT THE MANURE?

The farmer who has been depeading upon the purchase of bone-dust as a manure for his land this spring, will no doubt be surprised to find it nearly doubled in price, and very scarce at that. But will he go without it because of this unpleasant fact? Surely not; stable or barn-yard manure, made largely from grain, will answer the next best to bone-dust, but if this cannot be readily obtained, then it is better to purchase bone, even at the high rate current. Farmers must not forget that they have obtained excellent prices the past season for all their products, in some cases *one hundred per cent.* above former years, and they should not therefore grudge a few extra dollars in the purchase of that which will insure them a good crop in the season that is approaching. Yet I have heard some farmers say, and well-to do ones, too, that they "couldn't afford to buy bone—it wouldn't pay," &c., &c. Now, in my candid opinion, this is all wrong. The next season's crop of all articles of produce promises to be *more valuable than any that has preceded it for many years*, and extra care should therefore be taken to insure a large yield and first-rate produce. The present is indeed the farmers' hay-day, and short-sighted would that man be who should be indifferent in his plans and penny-wise in his experience. But, if there are any who positively refuse to purchase bone, then I would say set about to obtain the best manure you can afford, and sufficient to give your land a liberal coating. Why I adhere so thoroughly to bone, is because I believe it to be the very best artificial manure that can be purchased. What is called "fine bone," usually contains sufficient nourishment for the seed that goes in with it, and this, with the coarser particles, will remain in the soil for half a dozen years at least. It is, therefore, in the end, the cheapest manure we can purchase—if purchase manure we must.

But don't neglect the manure. Get it in *some* shape—from the barn yard, the swamp, the butcher shops, lime kilns, ash heap; or wherever it can be got, get it. Your father and grandfather may have been indifferent about manure, but *you* cannot afford to be, as every crop you take from your land without previously manuring it, leaves you poorer when it is sold, no matter what price you may have obtained for it. All hands, astir then! Up with the oxen and pitch in the manure! F. A. A.

A WORD FOR MERINO SHEEP.

Mr. M. Cunningham, Stark county, O., in answer to the question proposed by the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, "Which are the Best Sheep?" writes as follows: "This question may have as many different answers as men have different notions and opinions. To the flock-master, who breeds and keeps sheep for the wool principally, the Spanish Merino is esteemed above any other in this climate. Some of the reasons for this are as follows: The Spanish Merino produces a greater quantity of wool, in proportion to the size of the carcass, than any other variety of sheep. It is a generally admitted fact, that all animals consume food in proportion, to the weight of carcass. This being the case, and the difference in weight between a Spanish Merino and a Leicestershire or a South Down, being about one-third, it will readily be seen which of the two varieties is most profitable for wool; for, generally, it will be found that the well-built, close and compact Spanish sheep of eighty pounds weight will produce more pounds of wool than the Leicestersire or the South Downs of one hundred and twenty pounds. If this be true, it requires one-third more food to produce a pound of wool from a Leicestershire or South Down sheep, than it does from a Spanish Merino; while at the same time, a pound of the Spanish Merino is worth and will sell for at least one-third more than the other.

The wool of the Spanish Merino is generally very compact and close, and being oily also, it protects the bodies of the animals from the inclemencies of the weather; while on the loose, open, and light wooled varieties, when exposed to the rains and the storm, the wool becomes saturated, the water finds its way to the skin, the animal takes cold, and perhaps dies.

Spanish or some other of the Merinoes, herd together in large flocks better than Leicestershire, Cotswolds or South Downs. They are, perhaps, the most quiet and docile variety of sheep of all others. This is a great consideration.

GRUB OF THE MAY-BUG.

The "white grub-worm," often very plentiful, is exceedingly voracious and destructive to nearly all kinds of vegetation. It lives in this larva state for three or four seasons, and is not easily destroyed by any method of management—neither lime nor salt having any effect upon them as usually applied to the soil. It has, however, a variety of natural enemies, of some of which the Boston Cultivator remarks as follows:

"Toads devour great numbers of them when in the perfect or beetle state. The beetles come forth about the time apple trees are in blossom, and at twilight are often seen in great numbers. The toad, after having secreted himself during the day, takes his tour in search of food as evening sets in, and seizes on the May-bug as it emerges from the ground, before it commences its flight. The writer has seen a large toad swallow six of the beetles in the space of a few minutes. Skunks eat them voraciously, both in the larva and perfect state. This animal may often be seen at dusk, or in moonlight nights, digging the worms and beetles from the ground."

Swine will root out and eat the grubs in many instances when they lie near the surface of the ground, if permitted to run where they abound. Barn-yard fowls also destroy both grub and insect to some extent, and will catch all they can discover, if possible. By placing a light out of doors at evening, in the proper season, the bugs can be caught in large numbers, and it is worth while to take some pains thus to trap and destroy them.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES.

What will Cure Sheep Poisoned with Laurel?—*Bowman's Creek, Pa.*—Will some of the readers of the "Newspaper" inform me through its columns of a cure for sheep poisoned by eating laurel? A sure and safe cure would be thankfully received by many farmers in this section. Sheep kept on dry feed greedily eat laurel as soon as they can get to it. W. D. F.

The Flax Machine.—Will you please call the attention of the invaluable Yankee to the necessity of providing a fixing for breaking, scutching, &c., &c., the large crop of flax? Are we not to have the flax machine come round *a la* threshing-machine, thereby greatly helping the farmer and filling the owners' pocket? FLAX.

Sowing Plaster.—*Kent County, Md.*—Can any of the readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" give information from experience, or otherwise, whether there is any particular time to sow plaster? I have frequently sown plaster that did no good, and at other times when the effects were admirable. Any information concerning it will be thankfully received. J. T. C.

Blanc Mange.—One quart of milk, six tablespoonsful of maizena (corn starch), beat thoroughly with three eggs, add it to the milk when nearly boiling, previously salting a little. Cool in molds or cups; serve with sweetened cream flavored with lemon or vanilla.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

Potanc Bread.—This is simple, cheap and good when potatoes are 40 or 50 cents a bushel, but at the present prices other bread is cheaper. But those who have potatoes can make them into bread thus: Peel and grate the potatoes, then set the disb, in which the grated potatoes are, sideways, so that some of the water can drain off. Then put in a little salt and melted lard, stir it well, and put it in a pan which is well greased, and bake till brown. It should be baked about three-quarters of an inch thick, and eaten while yet warm. It needs no flour. T. S.

To make good Sap Vinegar.—Take seven barrels of sap, and boil it down to one barrel; then, before it gets sour, add one pint of hop yeast. When it has worked good, rack it off, throw out the sediment, then put your vinegar back in the barrel, and it is ready for use. Vinegar made after this rule will keep a century, if desired. L. S. D.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MANURING.

As the season is at hand for the application of manures to crops generally, I will state to your readers a prevalent error among the farmers of my own neighborhood. Calling on a friend last week I found him hard at work in the barn, shovel in hand, and several barrels of hen manure and the contents of his ash-heap being carefully intermixed.

"Sir," said, I, "what are you doing?"

He answered, "I am manufacturing domestic guano."

I endeavored to convince him that the action of potash on the hen manure was deleterious, by disengaging the ammonia, and thus depriving the composition of its fertilizing properties. He contended, however, that it was a mistaken notion of mine. Now permit me to suggest, in the place of the ashes, a valuable substitute, plaster and bonedust, and then you will have a powerful fertilizer, which, in addition to their own properties, do not injure the manure. S. T. D.

Fardville, Mercer County, N. J., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philads.]

GUANO.

Is it profitable to use guano as a fertilizer? As an answer to this queston, I will relate briefly the following facts, which came under my observation. The experiment was made by my friend C. The first was a piece of land, containing three acres, which he frequently sowed, but from it gathered scarcely anything. Disheartened he at length determined to try the guano. He sowed the three acres, putting about one hundred and eighty pounds to the acre, sowing it broadcast, like plaster, plowed it down as deep as possible; sowed the grain, which was buckwheat, and harrowed it thoroughly. In the fall, he threshed from it near eighty bushels of grain, which is considered a good crop. The second was a field containing eight acres of land similar to the first, perhaps poorer; on this he sowed fifteen hundred weight of guano. It yielded nearly fourteen bushels to the acre, also a crop of clover. Taking all in all, it paid him nicely. Try it.

Milroy, Pa., 1863. J. A. C.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

A HINT

To Seedsmen, Nurserymen and Venders of Agricultural Implements.—*Dear Newspaper:* I am surprised that many do not advertise in your farmers' paper, seeds, and trees, and improved implements of agriculture. I am often vexed to read of this or that good thing and know that I cannot get it because I do not know the price or where to send. I do not like to see a paper taken up with foolish advertisements of fortune telling, &c, &c.; but the knowledge of the whereabouts of useful productions would make your paper still more valuable. Having few advertisements makes it a better medium. Why cannot the venders see their own good in this, and also favor the public? ONE OF MANY SUBSCRIBERS

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Father, when the dark waves roll
O'er the weak and troubled soul.
And we bow the knee
Before thy pure and holy altar,
How oft doth the poor heart falter,
And lose its trust in thee.

Gentle Shepherd, hear my cry
From thy home in heaven high;
List unto my prayer.
It is not for myself I pray,
'Tis for my poor boy, far away,
Protect and shield him there.

Great God of battles in the strife,
Watch and keep the precious life
Of my cherished son;
Yet, if thou takest him away,
Oh, Father, teach me still to say,
"Thy will not mine be done."

Ah, trusting mother, it is well
That the mind no tales can tell
About the battle-field,
For they've kissed the manly brow
Of the one you pray for now,
That God would be his shield.

And that new moon that sweetly shines
Under thy low cottage blinds
On thy silver-d head,
Alas! that same cold chilly beam
Smiles upon a battle scene
Where thy boy lies dead.

Poor, trusting mother! go to sleep,
Though you only wake to weep
At tidings you will hear
For when again you bow the knee,
Broken will your spirits be,
For your brave volunteer.

JENNIE H***.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SLEIGH RIDE.

Winter has its joys, unsurpassed by any which summer can afford. Who can forget the merry sleigh rides of his youthful days; young men and maidens crowded together, the moonlight, the fringe of the forest, the vast expanse of snow, the jingle of the bells, the shouts of laughter, perchance the overturn into the feathery drift, the country tavern with its blazing, crackling fire of wood, the stamping of the young men beating the snow from their boots, the table spread with all luxuries, the music and games, the return long after midnight! These sleigh rides are among the most joyous of the pleasures of the North, and would reluctantly be exchanged for any amusements to be found in the land of the orange and the fig.

There was a sleigh ride in Russia, a century ago, of such note in its magnitude and its splendor, as to have been deemed worthy of historic commemoration. Russia's immortal historian, Karamkin, has devoted to its record several pages of elassic beauty, unsurpassed by any of the annals of Greece or Rome.

It was the month of December, 1769. The Empress Catharine II was upon the throne Frederick of Prussia and Catharine, with that utter disregard of justice which has so generally marked the diplomacy of cabinets, were conspiring together for an attack upon Poland, that they might divide the kingdom between them. Frederick sent his brother Henry to St. Petersburg, ostensibly for a friendly visit, but in reality to mature plans for the treacherous invasion. The prize they sought was sufficiently gigantic to enlist all the energies of the royal bandits. Catharine gave Henry a reception of pomp and magnificence such as even an imperial court had rarely witnessed before. One of the entertainments with which she honored him with was a moonlight sleigh-ride.

The sleigh which conveyed Catharine and the Prussian Prince was a beautiful parlor, capacious and furnished with every conceivable luxury. It was covered and enclosed by double glasses, in large plates, so that every object without could be distinctly seen. Mirrors were also ingeniously arranged so as to multiply and reflect all the scenes through which they passed. This imperial sledge, with its gorgeous decorations, was drawn by sixteen horses. A retinue of two thousand sledges of the nobility followed. These were also constructed for the occasion, at a vast expense, and embellished in the highest style of art. The great dignitaries of the Empire, ladies and gentlemen, in costumes the most showy, crowded these vehicles, which were drawn by four, six and eight horses. Expense seemed to have been utterly disregarded in the preparation of the pageant. Every person except the Empress and her guest, was dressed in fancy costume and masked.

The night was calm and clear; not a breath of air was stirring, and the full moon rode brilliant through the starry skies. The road, upon which thousands of laborers had been employed, to remove every obstruction, wound charmingly along through valleys and forests, and mountain gorges. Early in the evening, and with military precision, the brilliant pageant swept from the palace through the streets of St. Petersburg. When two miles from the city the train passed through a triumphal arch, blazing with variegated lights, in splendor the rainbow never equalled. Even those courtly eyes, accustomed to such shows, gazed with admiration upon the spectacle.

Every mile of the drive was thus marked by some grand structure, which, with its blaze of light, outshone the splendor of the moon; and in the ingenuity of its devices, with flames of every hue, extorted incessant exclamations of wonder and delight. There were shafts, temples, pyramids, colonnades, illuming the wintry scene with effulgence rivalling that of noonday. Opposite each of these structures ball-rooms were reared, the sides composed of double glass, so that everything within could be distinctly seen. Here the peasantry were assembled, in each one a group of a few hundred, from some particular province of the empire, dressed in the gayest of their provincial garb, and engaged in their rustic games and dances. The variety of costumes and of sports was infinite, and often grotesque and amusing in the highest degree. The sledges passed slowly by, that all might witness the entertaining spectacle, and then, with almost the speed of the wind, they passed on to the next theatrical show. All the games and national dances were thus witnessed. The national airs were sung or performed by the best trained bands, and all sorts of gymnastic feats, such as vaulting, tumbling and performing on the tight and slack rope were exhibited.

Through such scenes, incessantly repeated, the imperial pleasure party rode, until a high mountain rose before them, which was opened to their view through a broad avenue cut in the forest. The mountain was arranged, with the most amazing skill of fireworks, to represent Mount Hecla in one of the most violent of its eruptions. The earth seemed to quake beneath the terrific explosions. Vast billows of flame, and fire missiles of every form and hue, were ejected from its glowing crater hundreds of feet into the air, descending upon the hill-sides and rolling down the crags in a shower of fire. The spectacle was so sublime as to be almost appalling. In mute astonishment the pleasure party gazed upon the wonderful phenomenon, in which art seem d to outvie the most mighty of the energies of nature. The region, for leagues around, was illumined with the lurid glare, which sent a thrill of terror to the peasants far away on the distant hill-sides and in the valleys.

Again the horses were pushed on, and before the spectators had recovered from the surprise the volcanic mountain had created, the train suddenly entered a Chinese village, which was reared for the occasion upon the exact model of one of the most picturesque of Chinese towns, and inhabited by crowds of men, women and children in the garb and engaged in the traffic and sports of the Chinese on a festive day. The long street through which the train passed was brilliantly illuminated, and presented a spectacle as novel as it was entertaining.

The train passed slowly through the street and then found that it was only the majestic portal of the imperial palace of Tzarkoselo. As the sledges drove to the door, they were speedily emptied of their contents, and the whole courtly throng of between three and four thousand, were sauntering in these saloons which were amply spacious to entertain them all. The palace was lighted with a countless number of chandeliers and wax candles. The imperial bands were there and for two hours the pleasure-seekers forgot time in the mazes of the cotillion. In the midst of the exhilirating scene of voluptuous music, illumination and the dance, the heavy report of a cannon was heard, and instantly every musical instrument was still, every light was extinguished, every voice was hushed, and there was a moment of silence and darkness as of the tomb.

Suddenly a magnificent display of fireworks blazed up, extending in front of all the windows of the palace, and the most brilliant blaze of day succeeded the momentary gloom. As the gorgeous display faded out, there was another report of cannon, and, as by magic, the candles blazed anew, and a sumptuous entertainment was served up. Every luxury which Europe and Asia could afford was supplied for the occasion, and Belshazzar's feast was eclipsed. Dancing was again renewed, and as the dawn of the morning dimly appeared, the revellers returned to their homes. This is undoubtedly the most brilliant sleigh-ride upon record; though there was another of a thousand miles, which, in some degree, eclipsed it, but which we now have not space to record. To enable kings and nobles to indulge in such voluptuousness, the millions of Russia were enslaved, doomed to mud hovels, ignorance, black bread and joylessness from the cradle to the grave.—*J. S. C. Abbott.*

Mankind in the gross is a gaping monster, that loves to be deceived, and has seldom been disappointed; nor is their vanity less fallacious to our philosophers, who adopt modes of truth to follow them through the paths of error, and defend paradoxes merely to be singular in defending them.—*Mackenzie.*

THE LOST KEY.

"My dear Philip, have you seen my portemonnaie?"

Mr. Walter's brow contracted slightly at the words, and he drew away the hand which had been caressing his wife's pretty hair.

"Is that porte-monnaie lost again?"

"*Now*, Philip!" said the little woman with a world of pretty penitence in the lengthened monosyllable, "don't scold! Upon my word, it's the first time I've mislaid it this whole morning."

"It is too provoking, Jane," said the husband, pushing back the books on the table before him with a movement denoting intense irritation. "Will you *never* break yourself of this careless habit, my love?"

Jane was silent, looking down like a very naughty child who had been chidden.

"You don't know what an annoyance these heedless habits are to a methodical man like myself, dear," he added, in a gentler tone, as the coral lip began to tremble and the eye to suffuse. "Do try to be more thoughtful for my sake! Here is your lost treasure," he added, quietly drawing a tiny case of pearl and gold from his pocket. "I found it lying on the stairs, and thought it a most excellent opportunity for giving my careless little wife a lesson!"

Jane clapped her hands at the sight of the restored treasure, and danced out of the room in girlish glee.

"A perfect child," murmured the husband, looking after her with a smile and a sigh blended unconsciously into one another. "Well, if I don't make haste, I shall be too late for that engagement in the city. Let me see—the notes are in my iron safe, I believe. Nothing like locking up things and keeping the keys yourself. If Jane only followed my example—"

Mr. Walter paused abruptly, seeking in his various pockets, with nervous haste, for something which seemed not to be forthcoming.

"Very strange," muttered he, biting his lip. "I always put it in that waistcoat pocket. Possibly I may have laid it on the table among those papers."

The aforesaid papers rustled hither and thither, like animated snow flakes, as Mr. Walter hurriedly sought among their confused masses, but it was all in vain.

"I can't have lost it," he exclaimed, in dire perplexity. "And every one of those notes is locked up in that safe, with no earthly chance of ever getting at it! But I am certain the key can't be lost—I never lose anything! It won't do to wait many more minutes—I'll just put on a clean shirt and run down town. Hang that confounded key!"

Mr. Walter hastened up to his dressing-room to complete the details of his toilet, ere he left the house; but his trials were not yet destined to terminate. He was a methodical man, therefore his wardrobe was carefully locked; he always kept things in one place, therefore the keys were snugly reposing in one corner of the inaccessible iron safe.

He rushed frantically back to the library, hoping that the key might be on the mantelpiece, where he had not yet searched. No, it was not there; but a treacherous inkstand *was*, the contents whereof, by one unlucky sweep of the elbow, descended in an ebon cataract over his shirt front—*the* shirt front upon which alone he had depended!

"Well, here is a catastrophe!" he murmured, gloomily, stanching the inky flow with his pocket-handkerchief. "However, I can button my coat over for the present. Let me see—there is that money I promised to pay Smithson to-day, and—"

He stopped short; a cold daw of dismay ereaking out on his forehead—the money-drawer was a fixture of the iron-safe!

Penniless and shirtless, what more desperate state of affairs could his worst enemy desire for him? There was a lower deep yet, however—would he not be characterless, likewise, if his wife should, by any inopportune chance discover that he, the model of rule and order, had lost his key! So thought Mr. Walter, as he went off to a day of perplexities and mortifications in the city.

"If ever I tease Jane again about losing things," he muttered inwardly, as he entered the room on returning home, "I hope to be drowned with a hundred weight of keys about my neck. It's certainly a judgment upon me!"

He unbottoned his coat as he spoke, forgetful of the ink-stains of the morniug. Jane uttered a faint scream and shrank back, exclaiming:

"My dear Philip, what is the matter with your shirt?"

"The matter! Oh!" said he, coloring and laughing. "I remember now—I spilt a little ink over it this morning. It don't signify much."

"Do let me get you out another, dear!"

"No, no," said he, eagerly detaining her; "it isn't at all worth while. Do sit down and be easy, my love!"

But Jane started away to carry her baby up to the nursery. Just as she reached the door, something jingled softly in the pocket of her little silk apron—she stopped in the passage.

"Oh, by the way, Philip, here is the key to your iron safe. I found it on the dining-room table this afternoon, and," she added, with an arch sparkle in her roguish eyes, "I thought it would be an excellent opportunity for giving my husband a lesson!"

She laid the key in his hand and ran out of the room, as he recoiled involuntarily from the sound of his own pedantic words. As he contemplated the gleaming wards of the littlesteel mischief-maker, in mingled delight and mortification, the echo of Jane's merry laughter on the stairs reached his ear like a chime of silver bells.

He laughed, too—he couldn't help it.

Mrs. Jane Walter was a discreet little female. She never alluded to the subject of keys again, and her husband was never after known to reproach her for carelessness.

The Greed of Gold---Impressive Lessons.

When Napoleon, about 1811, desired to build a palace for the King of Rome, near the barrier de Passy, the shop of a poor cobbler, named Simon, stood in the way. Simon having learned what was going on, demanded twenty thousand francs for his tenement. The administrator hesitated a few days, and then decided to give it; but Simon, goaded by the god of gain, now asked forty thousand francs. This sum was more than two hundred times its value, and the demand was scouted. An attempt was made to change the frontage, but being found impossible, they went again to the cobbler, who had raised his price to sixty thousand francs. He was offered fifty thousand, but refused. The Emperor would not give a franc more, and preferred to change his plans. The speculating son of St. Crispin then saw his mistake, and offered his property for fifty thousand francs, forty thousand, thirty thousand, coming down at last to ten thousand. The disasters of 1814 happened, and all thoughts of a palace for the King of Rome were abandoned. Some months after, Simon sold his shop for one hundred and fifty francs, and in a few days after the sale was removed to an insane asylum; disappointed avarice had driven him crazy.

Many years since a seafaring man called at a village inn on the coast of Normandy and asked for supper and a bed. The landlord and landlady were elderly people and apparently poor. He entered into conversation with them, invited them to partake of his cheer—asked them many questions about themselves and their family, and particularly of a son who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long given over as dead. The landlady showed him to his room, and when she quitted him, he put a purse of gold into her hand, and desired her to take care of it till the morning—pressed her affectionately by the hand, and bade her good night. She returned to her husband, and showed him the gold. For its sake they agreed to murder the traveller in his sleep, which they accomplished, and buried the body. In the morning early, came two or three relations, and asked in a joyful tone for the traveller who had arrived there the night before. The old people seemed greatly confused, but said "Impossible!" said the relations. "It is your own son who is lately returned to France, and is come to make happy the evening of your days; and he resolved to lodge with you one night as a stranger, that he might see you unknown, and judge of your conduct toward wayfaring mariners." Language would be incompetent to describe the horror of the murderers, when they found that they had dyed their hands in the blood of their long lost child. They confessed their crime, and the body was found, and the wretched murderers expiated their offence by being broken alive upon the wheel.

SLEEPINESS OF ENGLISH CLIMATE.

For five or six months in the year the climate in England must be absolutely weary to one accusomed to the bright sunlight and brilliant starlight of the mornings and evenings in America. From November to April it is, as a general rule, not fairly light till nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and dark so early that the gas has to be lighted at four, and often at three P. M. But there is an advantage in this duller atmosphere, not *per se*, but in reference to the habits of the people of the two nations. The English climate has a quieting, soothing, in a certain sense torpifying, influence on the brain and nervous system. The climate of America is more exciting and inspiriting. This fact, *per se*, is wholly in favor of the American climate. But as the people of both nations are habitually addicted to stimulating viands, it tells in favor